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JANUARY 14, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

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The End Of The Reformers In Latin America

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The Heisters And Their Day In Court

JAMES J. LEFF

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **John W. F. Dulles,** Professor of Latin American Studies at the University of Texas, explores some of the myths of Latin American reform, at a moment when President Johnson is bringing in a fresh team to try to hold together Mr. Kennedy's Grand Illusion for Progress. Mr. Dulles, Foster's son and Allen's nephew, has lived much of his life abroad, and spent many of the recent years in Latin America. . . . **Arnold Berson** and **Joseph Keller,** free-lance writers and admirers of the cinematic art of Leni Riefenstahl, explode with indignation at the hostility still being shown towards her because of her silly infatuation with an aspect of Hitler's movement in the early thirties, when she was herself only thirty years old. The same people who roar themselves hoarse with enthusiasm for the great artistic achievements of the consistent apologist for Stalin, Sergei Eisenstein, will not let Riefenstahl alone, or permit the public to view her work. . . . And **James Leff,** a practicing lawyer, and teacher at the Law School at Fordham University, diverts himself, and us, with a caricature of a Supreme Court opinion. Any similarity between its reasoning, and that of certain members of the current Court, is altogether intentional.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** describes a visit to the University of Texas, and winds up his career as a college circuit-lecturer with, needless to say, a few words of advice. . . . **James Burnham** reminds us, rudely, of the existence of Cuba, and asks what role Cuba will play under the new President's direction, in 1964. . . . **Frank Meyer** coats with fresh paint the invisible bonds of ideology that bind in President Johnson—who, however, appears perfectly satisfied by his confinement. . . . **Russell Kirk,** dismayed by a rampant educational progressivism in Great Britain, wonders whether the only solution isn't to confer a doctorate on every infant at birth, so as to permit higher education to concern itself, once again, with excellence. . . . And for those who wonder why Congress cannot act faster than it does, we reproduce a colloquy between Congressman **Otto Passman** and the Administration's **David Bell** and **Harlan Cleveland.** If you have nerves, prepare to go mad.

➔ **Brent Bozell** reviews Professor Charles Hyneman's interesting book on the Supreme Court, and wishes it had gone on to say more. . . . **Garry Wills** takes on Norman Mailer and Murray Kempton in a single review, how's-that-for-hubris, and does rather dire things to Mr. Mailer; in fact we urge all friends of Mr. Mailer to keep this issue out of his sight, in fact we wish *we* hadn't read it . . . though it is *superb.* As for Murray Kempton, whom he describes as an "Eleanor Roosevelt with brains," Mr. Wills enormously admires him, only wishing, as no doubt God Himself does, that Kempton would solve the re-entry problem. . . . **William von Dreele** examines perceptively Edward Albee's latest. . . . And Major General **Thomas A. Lane,** from the vantage point of reflective retirement, reviews the biography of the mysterious General Marshall. ➔

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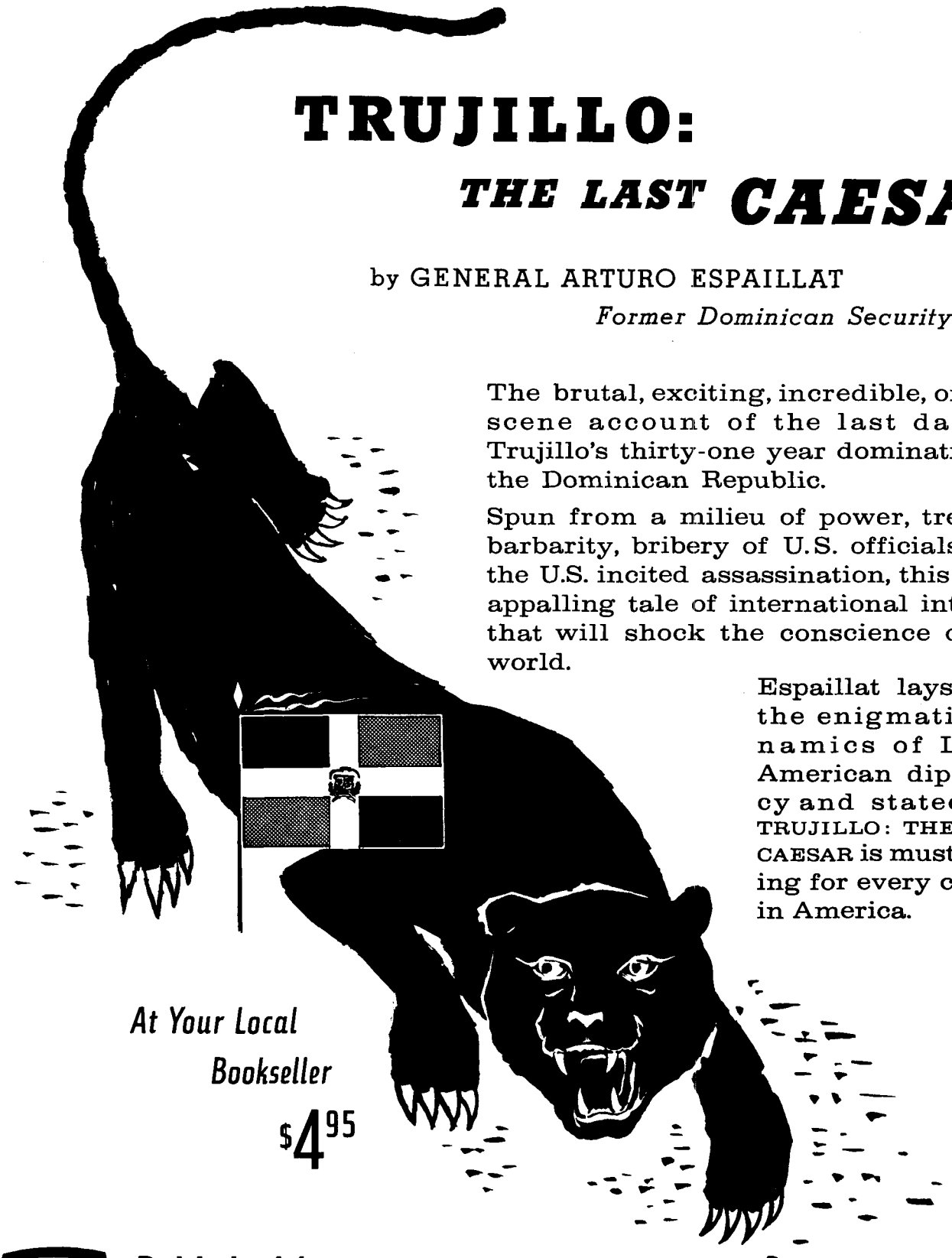
Former Dominican Security Chief



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And nearby are others to which you can drive most of the way: fabulous islands off Mexico, that country where your dollar buys so much more. Or offbeat gems in the brilliant Bahamas, some just a $10 ride from Florida. Or gems of staggering beauty in the West Indies to which a $50 or $60 airplane ticket transports you.

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The WEEK

● Going the rounds in England: A while ago, Khrushchev gladdened the hearts of atheists everywhere by reporting his cosmonaut had looked heavenward and seen no sign of God. Actually, Khrushchev has revealed to intimates, what the man said was—I have seen God, and She is black." . . . *Time's* Man-of-the-Year editors showing divine insight?

● A year ago we noted that the rapid rotation of gentry at the top of the foreign aid administration betokened the beginning of the end for foreign aid—just as, when the sixth husband files for divorce, you begin to suspect the girl's impossible. So now it begins to appear there's something similar going on at the old Alliance for Progress outfit, which has just gained a new director and presumably a new start in life. The prognosis is clear: this too shall pass away. The Alianza scheme is fundamentally wrong and irrelevant. Wrong because no country or group of countries has the power to raise the Southern continent and all of Central America to a modern style of wealth. Irrelevant because there is no alliance when American citizens are manhandled with impunity by Latin insurgents and their property is unsafe at the hands of rampageous nationalists. The first step towards any alliance, or any progress, must be made in Cuba. Castro has made the U.S. the laughing stock of the Western Hemisphere, and his agents have spurred the violence and disorder that cannot be cured by new shoes and school teachers. Betancourt has called for action on Castro first, and the Organization of American States has seconded the motion. As long as Castro has a free hand, the only alliance and the only progress in this hemisphere will be—his.

● The Senate Finance Committee has passed a tax provision that would allow individual taxpayers to choose a straight 50 per cent tax on all income, instead of working with tax rates that go up to 91 per cent—but if they so choose, then they must forgo the library of specialized deductions, credits, and so on. The official view is that this would "benefit" only 14,000 individuals in the million or so who have taxable income of more than $20,000 a year. But the benefit would be much more widespread, not only to individuals but to the economy as a whole, because the provision will greatly alter the distribution of the tax burden in this group. At present (1963 estimates), those with incomes above $20,000 are paying about 75 per cent tax on "normal" income (from their own efforts, from productive investment, etc.) and 25 per cent tax on capital gains. Present law inhibits their will to productive effort and encourages their interest in speculation. This wise amendment by the Senate Finance Committee will cost the government very little in tax revenues, if anything, and will reform the law in the right direction—which is to encourage people to work and produce, and discourage speculation as a substitute for the creation of real wealth.

● President Johnson has signed the law for aid to classroom construction for colleges and universities, and suchlike. The initial cost is . . . enough to consume the incomes of 200,000 average breadwinners, which is not the same as saying it will cost 200,000 men their jobs, because some of the jobs it will cost will be rewon in an expanded construction industry, and some others will seem to be rewon by taking eligible college kids off the labor market. Besides, what's ten or twenty thousand more unemployed compared to the number already out of work? What's really important is that the nation will get better universities out of it, or at least newer classrooms, for which the need was demonstrable and overwhelming, as witness the fact that the nation did not voluntarily support its centers of higher education in the manner Washington thought they should be supported, and who'd ever dream of making college kids actually pay their own way?

● Mike Quill, head of New York's Transport Workers Union, is threatening (as we go to press) to pull a strike on New Year's Morning, shutting off a bus and subway service that carries four million passengers a day, in order to emphasize his demands for a 32-hour week (without drop in pay), 27 days of vacation after a year on the job, a union shop, and other goodies. It seems like an awkward way to go about raising his men's average pay from $8,000 to $10,000 a year, but who are four million New Yorkers to quibble with Quill? There's the Condon-Wadlin Act, of course, which prohibits strikes by public employees, but Quill has publicly vented his defiance of that law. He'll flout it if he wishes, and Governor Rockefeller, who has his sights trained on higher office, will find a way to overlook the enthusiasm of his friends in organized labor. The governor has tried every other means of bringing himself favorably to the attention of the public. He might research the record of Cal Coolidge during the police strike in Boston in 1919. Having done so, me-tooism would be quite in order.

● Paul Schultz was, like Peter Fechter, an eighteen-year-old East Berliner who went for broke. As if

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re-enacting an ancient ritual, each young man entered the labyrinth, there to be devoured by the Monster who divides the frightened city. Peter Fechter's death, horrible, protracted, marked in blood the Wall's first anniversary: August 1962; Paul Schultz's came on Christmas Day 1963 in a West Berlin hospital, four hours after being gunned down while East and West celebrated, in their fashion, the event that divides forever the pagan world from the Christian, the darkness from the light. Thus a new cyclic pattern establishes itself ironically within the shell of an older, though not less barbarous, myth. *Requiescant in pace* Peter and Paul.

● The official communiqués made no mention of one major item in the LBJ Ranch discussions among President Johnson, Secretary Rusk, Chancellor Erhard and Foreign Minister Schröder. This was the revival of President Kennedy's 1962 package deal to be offered Moscow by the Western powers, in which would be included a non-aggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Bloc, a pledge against proliferation of nuclear weapons, and an agreement on Berlin and East German recognition. During his trip to Europe a few weeks ago Mr. Rusk sounded out French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville and British Foreign Secretary R. A. Butler. It was Konrad Adenauer, still in command, who vetoed the deal in 1962. The appeasement squad, still intact around the new President, believes Erhard and Schröder will prove more yielding than Der Alte.

● The Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations) has hit back hard and effectively against the Administration's trial balloon of December 13. On that day Mr. Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, spoke in San Francisco—in the same city, ironically, where John Foster Dulles, in 1957, delivered the most crushing refutation of the arguments for the recognition of Red China—about the possibility of "normalizing" relations with Red China. The Committee's statement easily disposes of the sophistries of those who now, at the moment when Red China is reeling under the load of her excesses, ask us to recognize Red China, and so do for her what we did for the Soviet Union when we recognized her, at Stalin's darkest hour, in 1933. Copies of the Committee's statement are available at 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

● Dear Rep. Multer, or as "your fried John" affects to address you, *Mr. Brooklyn Congesman Washton, D.C.,* your four-year-old correspondent, whose letter you have gleefully given to the press, iz a faKE. If you doent know the difference between kiddie scratchings and an imitation thereof scratched by a growed-up, at least you should have been suspicious of the content: *PlEase mr. Congesman Daddy doent want that you give toy soldiers. He wil be ver angry. Your fried John.* We know of some tot who write to congesmen or kings, but their Christmas letters? Christmas letters go to Santa, who is a the North Pole as all kids know, not in Washtoı D.C. as most growed-ups seem to think. Besides, a that age kids are a bloodthirsty lot, impossible t conscript behind pacifist mawkisms. We hope, congesman, you get whanged by a pingpong ball ejecte from an authentic simulated imitation bazooka. Peace Your frieds, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW.

● COMFORT YE. (From the *Economist*'s year-end dictionary) "Disarmament. *General and Complete Disarmament* is a jolly good formula which you can safely espouse, because a) everybody agrees that it is very remote, so you need not worry about whether your government or your country could survive it; b) when you look at it carefully, it doesn't really mean that you would have to disarm generally and competely; and c) in any case, you would not allow anybody to find out whether you had, until you had made sure that *they* had. So relax."

● ODD FELLOW, EVELYN. (From a review of the autobiography of Alec Waugh, by Morris Gilbert, *New York Times,* Dec. 30): "The main trouble [he has had in getting close to his brother Evelyn], Alec slyly notes, seems to have been that he could not comprehend his brother's religious preoccupations. He is probably not alone in that."

● "This heeah's Lyndon the Presuhdent. 'tson youah mind, boy? I got some calls to make." "I'm supposed to write 'something about the President's "style,"' Lyndon." "My 'style'? I'm just folks, boy. Bourbon and barbecue. Ride hoasses. Thet do it?" "Don't you think Goldwater holds the patent on the Western Image? Besides, how does it go over with the Eastern ethnic minorities and labor?" "I'm for civil rights. I'm for equality. I'm for labor. I'm for business. I'm for equality of labor and business. I'm for civil rights for everybody. I'm for Jeff Davis and Lincoln. I'm for equality for Mrs. Murphy. I'm for the common man. I'm for freedom and democracy and equality and low taxes and better government service to all. I'm for economy in government and government with a heart. Theah. Try thet on hoassback some time. They lap it up." "Thank you very much, Lyndon." "I'm for equality. I'm for one-man one-vote. I'm for town-hall democracy." "Thank you very . . ." "I'm for the prairies and the mountains. I'm for conservation. I'm for taxpayers." "Thank . . ." "I'm for equality. You come down and see us at the ranch, heeah? I'm for a free press." ". . . ."

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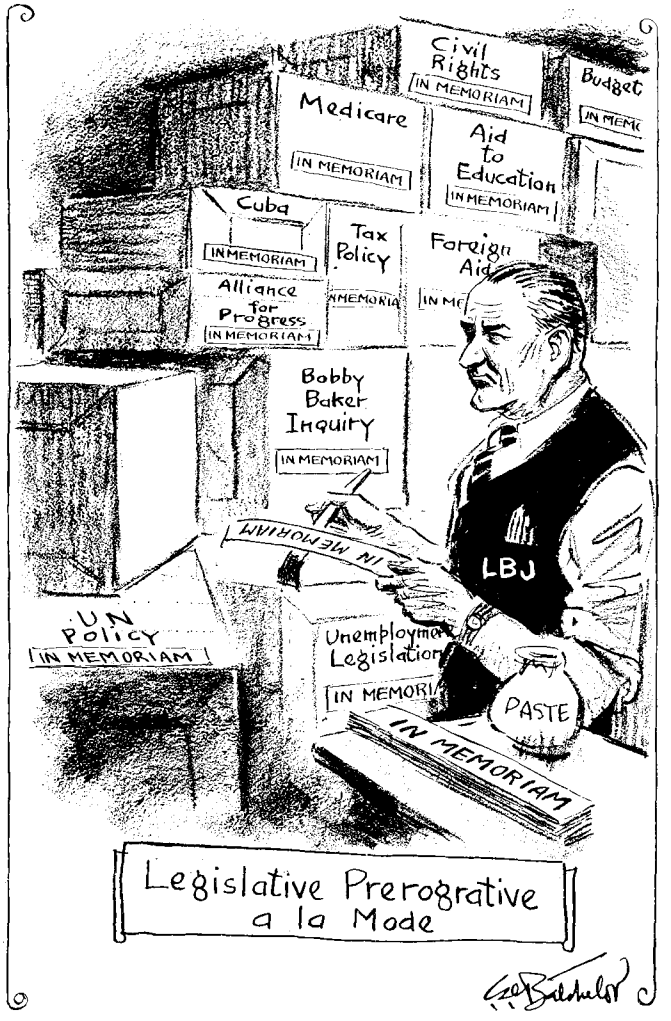
NR and Goldwater

In all likelihood, by the time this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW reaches its readers Senator Barry Goldwater will have announced his decision to fight for the Republican Presidential nomination.

It goes without saying that we wish him well. We do so first because it is our judgment that his views are sound. We do so secondly because, having taken the measure of the man, we are prepared to place our confidence in him. We do so thirdly because we believe that he would make the most impressive showing against President Johnson, even as he would have against President Kennedy, and can help other conservative candidates in their own races. And we do so, finally, because we believe that irrespective of whether he wins, the nation will have had the opportunity to deliberate, for the first time in a great many years, on the present version of the conservative alternative. Which is, in public affairs: a resourceful and hard-minded foreign policy based on reality; and, at home, eternal hostility, to use Thomas Jefferson's felicitous phrase, to those domestic growths that hamper the individual in his search for ordered freedom, and privacy.



Our consideration of Mr. Goldwater's candidacy will, however, proceed with every attention given to the objective situation. NATIONAL REVIEW will never be mistaken for a campaign organ which, quite understandably, strains all news involving its candidate through a sort of euphoric dye. (Senator McCarthy used to tell the story of the candidate conducting his own poll. "Will you be voting for me, sir?" "I wouldn't vote for you, you punk," the gentleman answered, "if you were the last man on earth." "Hmm," said the candidate, "I'll put you down as 'Doubtful.' ") At the same time, we will be on the alert for evidence of the workings of that bias against conservative candidates—and conservative ideas—which is a part of the metabolic response of a hostile Establishment. A case in point is a recent Associated Press story giving the news that Mr. Goldwater's popularity among Republican leaders is now 601 *vs.* 279 for Mr. Nixon, the second choice. That is a colossal lead. But the news story, properly, concentrates on the drop in Mr. Goldwater's edge, because the last time around, in October, it was 1,194 for Goldwater *vs.* 44 for Nixon. What would be an appropriate headline for such a story? Ours would be:

Goldwater Lead in Poll Slashed
But Retains Large Margin Over Nixon.

The *Times*' was:

Goldwater Lead in Poll Slashed
Nixon Stock Is Rising in G.O.P.

That, then, is how we shall proceed: as enthusiastic endorsers of Mr. Goldwater's candidacy; as independent evaluators of his statements and his campaign; and as objective analysts of his chances.

Why Not Abolish Representative Assemblies?

During the last weeks of 1963, as often happens toward the voting end of the yearly sessions, Liberal publicists mounted a furious campaign in their perennial war against the legislature. The American Congress, we may learn from their fiery prose, is the supreme obstacle to human progress and the prime source of the major ills not only of our own country but of all the globe. Mr. Walter Lippmann cites as the only possible cure "the liberation of the executive from the paralyzing grip of the representative assembly." Mr. Lippmann is almost ready to wash his hands of us: "I do not know what will happen"—and if Walter Lippmann knows not, who then knows?—"if we cannot remedy the paralysis of the executive." Two weeks later, on December 26, Mr. Lippmann whipped this 88th Congress in particular with his

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sharpest-tailed scorpions. It has been dominated, he finds, "by what may fairly be described"—and who describes more fairly than Mr. Lippmann?—"as a conspiracy to suspend representative government." "This has been"—let us sum up with the dignity and simplicity of a child's primer—"This has been a bad Congress."

The *New York Times,* not to be outdone by a rival moralist, opened up simultaneously on the 26th ult. with the full charge of its lead editorial: *"Cobwebs in Congress."* "The scandalous lag in the legislature is out in the open for all to see." At the turn of the century, the *Times* recalls, "that cynical American observer, Ambrose Bierce, defined Congress as: 'A body of men who meet to repeal laws.' At this time cynical Washington observers would shorten the definition to: 'A body of men who meet.' The performance of the 88th Congress . . . proves the point."

And what has poor Congress done these past few years to deserve this consignment to the dustheap of history? Was it Congress that lost its nerve at the time of the Bay of Pigs, and thereby left an enemy base to flourish unchecked at our threshold? Did Congress provoke and condone the assassination of our firmest allies in South Vietnam, and thereby plunge the Southeast Asian war towards catastrophe? Is it Congress that sacrifices the interests of this country and the West to the Afro-Asian demagogues and their Communist prompters at the UN? No, Congress neither had nor could have had any part to play shchev and Mao: no cobwebs in their legislative halls,

The crime of Congress is notorious and undeniable: it fails to approve promptly and fully each and every measure proposed by the executive. In particular, it frequently much delays, or considerably modifies, or even sometimes altogether rejects, those measures sprung from the abstractions of Liberal ideology and tending toward a centralized, bureaucratized, equalized, globalized, welfarist State. "Liberals in this country," remarks Professor Clifton Brock in his history of Americans for Democratic Action, "have had a long love affair with the executive." And naturally so: for in our system the executive gives readiest expression, in our day, to the plebiscitary mass will that seeks fulfilment in a centralized social structure. Congress, with its members elected from a large number of discrete political units, still gives representative expression to the citizens in their real diversity as marked by geographic, historic, economic, social and cultural differences.

It is not the creaking slowness of congressional procedures to which the ideologues in reality object. There is no major instance in this century when congressional delay has prevented necessary action in a genuinely critical situation. When there is an emergency, Congress acts speedily enough, sometimes too speedily indeed. (No one could argue that Congress was too slow in declaring the wars the executive proposed in 1917 and 1941.) What is at issue is not methods but substance: the fact that through Congress a resisting historical current still flows in some degree.

It is curious that our ideologues do not reflect more often on the examples, in our time, wherein the executive has won its "liberation from the paralyzing grip of the representative assembly." There is no paralysis in Moscow, nor was there in Berlin for a decade or so after 1933. No "scandalous lag in legislation" has bothered *Pravda,* or even restrained *Voelkischer Beobachter.* Stalin and Hitler, Khrushchev and Mao: no cobwebs in their legislative halls, not even in the darkest corners.

SANE Marches On

The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has a new chairman, Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard University. Mr. Norman Cousins, the editor of the *Saturday Review,* is out—bloodlessly, one assumes, that being the way within SANE; and we must confess we regret very much his leaving. In fact we hope we can elicit from him some statement about the meaning of Mr. Hughes' ascendancy, considering Mr. Cousins' disavowals, during his own stewardship, of unilateralist sentiment. The facts behind the withdrawal of Dr. Linus Pauling as co-chairman several years ago are not publicly known, but it was speculated at the time that his going was related to the opposition on the part of Norman Cousins and Steve Allen (the leader of the Western division) to those who were identified with the notion that the United States should take the initiative in disarming. "U-ni-lát-eralist, n.: Anyone who believes that one side should take whatever step is currently in question in the direction of a) disarming, or b) declining to augment, or refine, its arsenal, whether or not the other side takes the complementary step."

A year or so ago Professor Hughes, you will remember, ran for the Senate seat that Teddy Kennedy very handily won, and the clans then gathered from far and wide to see how big a stir the radical Left could make in a statewide election. Mr. Hughes did not end up doing particularly well, but in any case the contest had lost its meaning when Mr. Hughes took to equivocating on the issue of unilateralism. On Mr. Spivak's "Meet the Press," Hughes said he was *not* a unilateralist, and even while he spoke his newest book, *An Approach to Peace,* was being sold, and it contained statements of unilateralist passion in language as unequivocal as a Harvard professor is capable of writing. (Sample: "I can find no alternative to the renunciation of thermonuclear deterrence as an instrument of national strategy.") It was never

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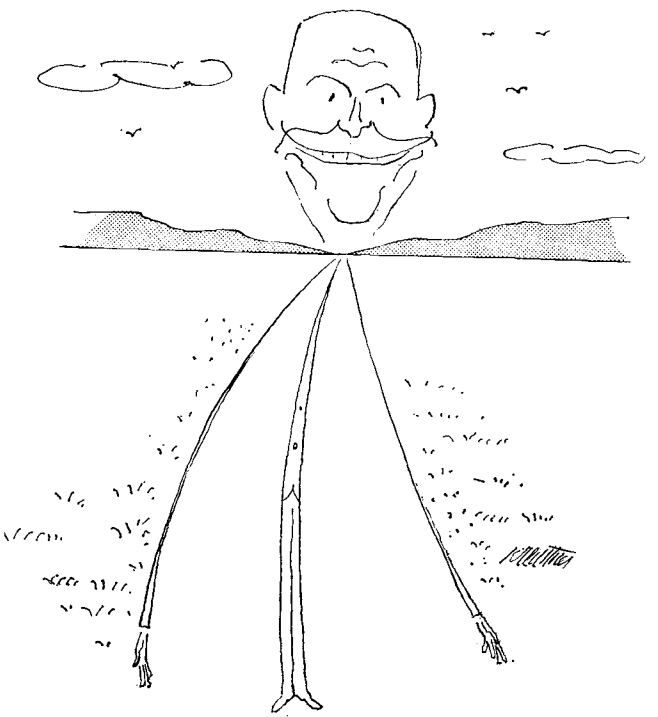
quite clear whether Professor Hughes was moving toward sanity as a matter of personal conviction, or whether he was anxious not to shock potential voters in Massachusetts by reaffirming his old position. We must regretfully assume that it was the latter impulse that moved him, because we have not seen from him a statement renouncing the extended analysis in his book, nor has he dissociated himself from the Committee of Correspondence, the organization, cofounded by himself, which is the intellectual ganglion of the suicidal mania of unilateralism.

The Committee for a Sane Nucear Policy has reason to be proud of its accomplishments. What it really wanted, all along, was a cessation of tests—period. When radioactivity in the atmosphere was the going scare, SANE announced that it was in behalf of Pure Air that it sought the cessation of tests. When research made it increasingly plain that we had not much more to fear from the amount of atomic fallout in the air than from a couple of years' residence in Denver, Colorado, SANE found other reasons for pressing for its goal. When it was proposed, during Mr. Eisenhower's moratorium, that we should at least test underground, where there is no fallout, SANE spokesmen were there to say us nay. But it could not have been said responsibly that Norman Cousins, anyway, desired us to dismantle our nuclear arsenal unilaterally.

That assurance we do not have in respect of the new leader of SANE, and so it appears that the organization is marching leftward, as so many feared it would, that being the mobility of organizations that feel they can soar above the iron paradox of our time, namely: the United States, desiring peace, has got to stay militarily stronger than the Soviet Union, so long as the revolutionary dynamic governs.

We project an unhappy future for SANE, under its present leadership. It is headed for cuckooland. The amiable Mr. Hughes is just possibly the fuzziest political analyst this side of the Looking Glass. In the aforementioned book he gives it as his position that there is nothing wrong with Communism as an economic system (p. 40), that Communism appeals to over one-half of the people of the world (p. 19), that the struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union is, actually, supremely irrelevant to the interests of most of the world's people (p. 16), that no truly discerning man can have approved of the attempted invasion of Cuba (p. 174), that the question whether Hiss was guilty is still open (p. 180), that our nuclear deterrent has not in fact deterred the Soviet Union from anything (p. 76), that we ought to recognize Red China (p. 86), and of course that we should destroy our nuclear weapons whether the Russians do or not (p. 67).

One cannot wish SANE, and the free world, luck, at one and the same time.



"Remember me, folks? I'm your Middle-of-the-Road, Middle-of-the-Metaphor political adviser—self-appointed—so listen carefully: I stand four-square behind the five candidates I've recommended, without committing myself to any one of them, because that would be descending to personalities, but I'll say this—cheap, grandstand attempts to befuddle our more vacillating and weak-minded voters with facts will not deter those intelligent citizens from rising in their rash and reaping the boomerang when they discover they are being stabbed in the back by unscrupulous principle-mongers trying to make a political football out of issues!"

Leftward March

Mr. Bayard Rustin was the Deputy Director of the march on Washington last August, and no one now will deny him a place in the front ranks of the Negro leadership. He is highly literate, and he means to make his voice heard in the development of Negro political strategy. He closed a public statement (December 28) by suggesting that the Negroes would march again soon, this time on Atlantic City and San Francisco, when national political conventions meet, and there demand—equal rights for Negroes? No indeed, far more than that. Mr. Rustin wants, just to begin with, to purge all congressmen who are voting against the so-called Civil Rights Bill, as a preliminary to embarking the nation on what he himself calls "radical" solutions for our "struc-

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ The gentle art of prediction is not everybody's meat. Consider this, from the Dec.-9 *Insider's Newsletter*, "an every Monday report for busy men who need to know what's going on," published by Cowles Magazines: "Barry Goldwater has told political associates that he will not run for President and will throw his support to Richard Nixon."

◆ Howard Stassen has formally announced his availability as Republican Presidential candidate. The American people announced their non-availability as his constituency years ago.

◆ According to a rumor we've been unable to confirm, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller plans to include New York State in his itinerary some time during the first quarter of the year.

◆ The Christmas Eve message from National Draft Goldwater headquarters went this way: "We note with interest the growing number of Republicans who are being mentioned as possible Presidential nominees. Their enthusiasm for the Party's highest honor is understandable. It reflects the growing realization, as reason replaces emotion, that Lyndon Johnson will be easier to defeat than John Kennedy would have been in next year's Presidential race. We welcome all comers in the contest for the Presidential nomination. Competition is a healthy thing for the Party and the country. Nevertheless, Senator Goldwater has more announced delegate strength than any other Republican. He has more grass-roots support than any other Republican. He is the Party's strongest possible candidate in the north, south, east, and west. We remain confident. . . ."

◆ George Murphy, the film star of a few years back and now a film executive, has announced he'll seek to oppose Clair Engle (D., Cal.) for a seat in the Senate. Murphy is, of course, a staunch conservative, as the papers took pains to spell out when they treated the story. Most of them neglected to note that Murphy is known to national audiences as chairman of the entertainment arrangements at GOP conventions, that he has officiated at major GOP functions in California for twenty years, and that he's a past chairman of the California GOP State Central Committee. He's highly regarded in California; early estimates give him a good chance of winning that Senate seat, whether against the ailing Mr. Engle or anyone else.

◆ William Miller, GOP National Chairman, came out fighting on December 23, the thirty-day moratorium done. He issued a statement noting how the Democrats had politicalized the moratorium in complaining that the GOP was thwarting their efforts, and perorated: "If we had the White House and control of all the federal agencies, if we had a two to one majority in the Senate, if we had a three to two majority in the House of Representatives with a two to one majority on the Rules Committee, plus two-thirds of all the governors and two-thirds of all the State Legislatures, we wouldn't be running around crying that the Democrats were not cooperating with us. We'd run this country and we'd run it right."

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tural" problems. He desires, he says—and so, he says, should all Negroes desire—"basic" social and economic and political reforms. Mr. Rustin is asking the Negroes to merge their cause with a militant American liberalism, or neo-socialism.

And so it becomes increasingly apparent that the leadership of the organized Negro movement is identifying itself with a sectarian school of social thought. Once again, as during the thirties, the Negroes are being asked to believe that their own cause can only be served by remaking the face of America in the planner's image, and by identifying themselves with any number of causes, whose relationship to the Negro problem is attenuated to say the least, in pursuit of the goal of racial equality.

Consider Mr. Rustin's own background and interests. He is, for instance, a confirmed pacifist. He has not yet said in as many words that he believes the Negroes can prosper only if the United States disarms unilaterally, but he appears to be saying just that implicitly. He came specifically to the Negro cause via his work in behalf of the War Resisters' League, a pacifist organization. He was active as recently as November of 1962 in the General Strike for Peace program. Once he was a Communist, an active member of the Young Communist League, from which he resigned, he says, in June of 1941. He still belongs to organizations that serve, in the opinion of astute observers, specifically Communist causes; for instance, the Medical Aid to Cuba Committee.

There are no grounds at all for jumping to the conclusion, as some have done, that the Negro protest movement is dominated by the Communists. But it is true that the Negro leadership is falling into the hands of the non-Communist left (and that the Communists are, again as in the thirties, actively trying to infiltrate it), and this is a development of profound moment, and of dire potential consequence.

Mr. Rustin says that "radical tactics, to be more than symbolic, must flow from radical analysis," and it is his analysis—and it is certainly radical—that we must have a realignment of the national parties, that we must have massive federal works programs, high-

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er minimum wages, extension of the Fair Labor Standards Act, and the whole lot of it.

And what if he succeeds in marrying the Negro movement to the liberal-left movement—what can he hope, politically, to gain for the Negroes? There are millions of Americans who wish actively to fight prejudice but who do not wish, in the course of doing so, to commit themselves to the socialization of American life. If Mr. Rustin, and James Baldwin, and Martin Luther King want to purge all congressmen who do not vote for their version of the Civil Rights Bill, they are really asking for a one-issue Congress. And if he then goes on to form a "liberal-labor Negro alliance," he will alienate those millions of friends of the Negroes who are not willing, in pursuit of Mr. Rustin's hallucination about how to improve the American Negroes' life, to ruin the life of American white people. And we say ruin, as other conservatives and moderates would also say, because that, in our judgment, is what would happen to our country if we threw away the federal system, ideologized our political parties, and invited the Federal Government to supervise our lives.

The best answer to Mr. Rustin can be delivered only by another American Negro, a man with vision and common sense, who will call for advancement for the Negro within the context of a free and decentralized society. Such a man would of course be denounced as an Uncle Tom, as a servile defender of the status quo, but he would be the true friend of the long-range interests of the American Negroes, which are the same as the interests of white people: individual freedom in a mobile society, ruled by law, whose governors are restrained by checks and balances, and whose settled institutions mediate the mobocratic pressures of any single group, irrespective of race, or color, or creed.

Plus Ça Change

From the *New York Times*, Dec. 29: "The speedy change of name—whether it be of an airport or a bridge or a park or a cape—reflects the love that millions of people all over the world had for President Kennedy; but . . . it is only debasing the subject of our grief to attach his name so hastily to a miscellaneous collection of public works, almost as if we were afraid that without these tangible reminders he would soon be forgotten. . . . We are sure that such considerations will be in the mind of the talented architect who is planning a permanent structure that will cover the spot where John F. Kennedy lies buried. . . . It would be most fitting that the President be given a resting place of maximum simplicity . . . there is no need for a permanent flame."

From the Journal of the Goncourt brothers for June 24, 1894, after the assassination of President Carnot of France by the Italian anarchist Caserio: "What a lot of bad sculpture this will produce! If Caserio had been an artist, that thought would have been enough to restrain him."

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

EDMUND WILSON AND THE INCOME TAX
by John Dos Passos

NO FLOWERS FOR WELENSKY'S BABY
by Elspeth Huxley

Here It Comes!

In January the President will present an almost balanced budget to Congress. The Administration will spend the rest of its term in office explaining why the estimated deficit keeps rising.

The President will say that the dollar is almost as good as gold. Believing him, foreign central banks will take another billion in bullion.

The UN will welcome a half dozen new members and announce a $300 million deficit. U Thant will proclaim peace wherever he enjoys military superiority.

Castro will blame the United States.

The federal payroll will gain 75,000 new employees.

All of Southeast Asia will go neutral, or worse.

Warfare will spread in Angola. The UN will censure Portugal.

American Embassies will be stoned throughout the world. Soapy Williams will apologize.

Teddy Kennedy will do less for Massachusetts.

Lady Bird will be proclaimed one of the world's ten best-dressed women.

A universal drought in the Communist bloc will cause the 47th crop disaster since 1917.

Elizabeth Taylor will marry various people.

Chester Bowles, Averell Harriman, Adlai Stevenson, Walt Rostow, Arthur Rhetoric Schlesinger, Ted Sorensen, Pierre Salinger, Bundy One and Bundy Two, Walter Deficit Heller, and assorted fellow notables will disappear, one by one, unwept.

Bobby Baker will not disappear. The Republic needs him.

The television station in Austin will announce the award of new defense contracts to Texas firms.

The *New York Times* will endorse Lyndon Johnson, because he is "the more able, the more experienced, the more widely known" of the two candidates for the Presidency.

The other candidate will win.

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On the Right

What Johnny Doesn't Know

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

What is going on at American colleges and universities? A lot—is of course the easiest and safest answer. At one level I speak with devastating authority. The college in America with a visiting lecturer's program, an auditorium, and three conservative students with mischief in their eyes that has been spared a speech by me during the past ten years can count its irenic blessings. But now, as I undertake a program of three newspaper columns per week, I am, like Liszt, closing my piano (the rueful difference being that in his case the majority of people were made very sad, in my case they are made very glad). I am through with public speaking, except occasionally, and thought to take the opportunity presented by the serene interlude between Christmas and New Year's to do as Bernard de Voto did in *Harper's* a few years before his death, and speak some thoughts on my experiences lecturing at colleges.

Buckley

Texas Sojourn

Freshest in my mind is a sojourn, early last month, at the University of Texas, where I spent a week as a Visiting Resident among some of the kindest and most enjoyable persons I have ever met. There is a sense in which the memory is fresh, as it might be said that Hercules' experience with his nine labors would always remain fresh. I remember one typical day: a sorority for lunch (a few remarks, questions), a guest appearance before a political science class at 2:00 (speech, a few remarks), a history class at 3:00 (speech, a few remarks), a public debate at the Law School at 4:00 (speech, questions), a banquet at 5:45 (speech, questions), a coffee hour at a professor's home at 8:00 (remarks, questions), and at 9:00 a meeting at a fraternity (remarks, questions). Staggering back toward my residence with a lovely Texan girl half my age who was my guide for that day, I proposed to buy her a glass of beer before collapsing into my quarters provided I could just sit and listen to, or look at, her, and let my vocal chords reform; and so we searched out the remotest corner of Austin, sat down, but before even the waiter came, three law students, charming and argumentative, came and at 11:00 I was hoarsely defending, or denouncing, someone or something. We got back in time for the lady to return to her quarters by the prescribed hour of 11:30, though she edged the deadline rather more closely than she planned because she had great difficulty driving in a pounding rain storm, locating the fraternity where I was lodged, and at that point I had forgotten its name, and in any case could not have mouthed it even if I hadn't . . . In Texas they do things in a most energetic way, whether they are raising cotton, drilling for oil, or mining the thoughts of a visiting fellow, for whom depletion allowances are *not* provided.

The University, like other great state universities only more so, is bursting at the seams: with energy—intellectual, physical, and acquisitive. The students are bright and curious, responding proudly to the implacable decision of their faculty and president to lift the standards of learning, slowly but surely. State universities tread a delicate line between the demands of the electorate, which seem to call for an academic degree for any one prepared to spend four years in residence (a B.A. is a birthright, democracy says), and the inherent meaning of a degree (give a degree to everyone, and it ceases to mean anything). The University's physical energy goes beyond the singular achievement of its football team (it is first in the nation this year). The students I met (there are 30,000 there— a figure that surprised me, since it was my distinct impression I had met 40,000) are fiercely active. They keep long hours, social, academic, athletic; go to bed reluctantly; wake up busting to go.

And the University's president, Dr. Harry Ransom, who animates the entire college, has a bloodlust for literary and historical finery. His presence, or that of his agent, at any auction of original materials, or private collections, will send the competition away in tears: what Ransom wants, Ransom gets. So that the library proudly exhibits original manuscripts of Ernest Hemingway, T. E. Lawrence, George Bernard Shaw, Tennessee Williams, T. S. Eliot. And if you suspect his interest is confined only to men of contemporary literary glamor, Dr. Nattie Lee Benson will show you her library of 140,000 volumes on Latin America (more, probably, than could be found in any Latin American University), and will casually pull out of a folder an original letter from Hernán de Cortés to Charles V, dated 1527.

The Primary Concern

What are modern students primarily concerned about—yes, yes, I mean beyond the conventional concerns of physically normal young Americans? The answer, at Texas as elsewhere, has really to do with the question whether anything is knowable. So much time has been given over in our recent intellectual past to pounding home the necessity for freedom of speech, to celebrating the value of dissent, to singing the praises of academic freedom, that the impression is given that what they have most to look forward to is the process of flux, or the changes that dissent and academic freedom will ring in. If, out of piety for the First Amendment, we end up encouraging man to use his freedom to cultivate and evangelize whatever is his belief—Communism, say—we are actually very close to saying that our own disbelief in Communism is less strong than our belief that Communism should have continuing opportunities to win over a majority; we are

(Continued on p. 39)

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The Third World War

Cuba in 1964

JAMES BURNHAM

In these first weeks President Johnson, trusting his ship to keep moving along the course set by his predecessor, has taken no independent initiative in foreign policy. This is natural enough. There has been no acute crisis, and he needs time to become better acquainted with his job; and, as everyone knows, Mr. Johnson is in any case not much interested in foreign affairs. However, it will not be possible for him to continue this discreet abstention much longer. Too many rocks, storms and shoals are close ahead, and long before November our new President is going to have to make some entries of his own on the chart. Approaching catastrophe in Vietnam; Indonesia's war against Malaysia, already in its psycho-political and paramilitary phase; gathering war against Angola, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia; de Gaulle's global anti-American campaign; turmoil in Brazil, Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela, Nicaragua; the consequences of a probable Labor victory in Britain; Moscow squeezes on Germany and Berlin; resumption of the Congo battle; Communist infiltration of East Africa. . . . Mr. Johnson will not lack occasion for trying his hand.

Burnham

One item will continue to be the key to all the rest in 1964, as it has been in every year since it was first entered on the list. In the abstract, the events in Southeast Asia, Africa or Berlin may appear more grandiose than what happens in Cuba; but it is Cuba that offers the prime challenge to the United States and to the new President. A Communist conquest of all Southeast Asia would mean a grave but still indirect threat; the Communist regime in Cuba means an enemy beachhead *inside our defense perimeter*. All the world knows that our conduct toward Cuba is the most sensitive test of our national will. And all the world—from de Gaulle to Sukarno to Goulart, from Khrushchev to Sihanouk—has been drawing appropriate practical conclusions from the collapsing will that the test has so far revealed.

Policy of No Policy

We have at present no serious policy of any kind toward Cuba. The haphazard combination of air and sea surveillance plus half-hearted economic sanctions plus training of minor exile units plus occasional pin-pricking raids is in no wise serious. These activities have failed to weaken Castro's regime, have in fact most probably helped to strengthen it. They have not interfered with the development of Cuba as a dynamic center for Latin American revolutionary operations. And they infuriate our allies and neutrals. If we were going to get rid of Castro, all well and good, as they see it. But if we are just playing around, what right do we have to tell them what credits their banks may give or what cargo their ships may carry?

Illusions about Cuba are current in this country, among anti-Communists as well as appeasers. The Cuban economy is in bad shape and Cubans are hungry. It does not follow that Castro is tottering. On the contrary, the regime is firmly consolidated. Its armed forces are well-equipped and formidable, and have been getting first-class training. With Soviet help the leadership has had several years to perfect defensive strategy and tactics suited to their locale and capabilities, and to prepare the revolutionary offensive that is being mounted throughout the Caribbean basin. (The Cuban radio is now broadcasting war bulletins from half a dozen countries.) There are substantial reserves of gasoline, ammunition and other military supplies.

The Communist regime in Cuba is not going to collapse of its own weight nor from external half-measures. The potential discontent is there, but—especially with the Bay of Pigs still fresh in memory—will not develop into active rebelliousness without a real prospect of success. The regime is brittle and might fall *fast once it started*, but a push will be needed too big for anything short of U. S. power to propel.

This does not necessarily mean that the operation must take the outward form of a U. S. invasion. It would still be possible to go through the motions of a nominally exile landing, declaration of a new government which requests aid, recognition by Washington and immediate response to request, and so on. Betancourt's recent demand for action to get rid of Castro adds the very favorable possibility of joint U. S. action with a number of Caribbean nations. But the forms are secondary. The substance of the problem is to eliminate Cuba's Communist regime through an absolutely decisive action carried out with maximum speed and technical virtuosity. That done, the result will be accepted, with good or bad grace as the case may be, but accepted. And the notion that the action—if done with speed and skill—might "escalate into nuclear war" is preposterous. Khrushchev will not sacrifice Moscow for Havana.

This is the issue that confronts Mr. Johnson as President. There is no "solution" for the Cuban problem other than the ousting of the Communist regime. The evidence shows that we cannot stabilize a coexisting "modus vivendi." The continuation of the regime progressively undermines our strategic and political situation within this hemisphere and our global prestige and influence. Cuba in Communist hands, because of its location so near the citadel of the main enemy, because of its flexibility as an intelligence, liaison and training base and because of the international reach of its revolutionary lines, is a Yenan raised to a far higher "dialectical level."

Is the new President capable of making the decision to solve the Cuban problem? Not, certainly, unless he finds within himself the strength to break totally with his predecessor's course, and with the prevailing incantations. We shall see.

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Shame and Glory in the Movies

You are a director of talent. You work for Hitler? You are a Nazi. You work for Stalin? You are a genius.

ARNOLD BERSON
JOSEPH KELLER

Riefenstahl, Leni (1902-). Nationality: German. Occupation: Actress, director. Politics: Nazism. Films: *Triumph of the Will* (1935), *Olympia* (1938), *et al.*

Eisenstein, Sergei (1898-1948). Nationality: Russian. Occupation: Director. Politics: Communism. Films: *Potemkin,* (1925), *Ten Days That Shook the World* (1928), *Alexander Nevsky* (1938), *Ivan the Terrible* (1944-46), *et al.*

The unprejudiced observer, noting two such entries in a hypothetical Who's Who of World Cinema, might conclude that these two directors (whose names, let us say, he never heard and whose films he never saw) were opposite numbers—that, given their politics and the dates of their productions, Leni did for Hitler what Sergei did for Stalin. In a limited sense, he would be right. Of all the films listed above only one is completely non-political: Riefenstahl's *Olympia*. Nevertheless, having possessed himself of a few fundamental facts, our observer has already attained a degree of sophistication that somehow manages to elude the most erudite critics, the most knowledgeable film scholars. In his mind the names of Riefenstahl and Eisenstein would be linked by the word "propaganda," but the standard film histories and references found in any public library tell a different story. Take down Arthur Knight's *The Liveliest Art* (Macmillan, 1957), for example, and look up the chapter on propaganda. There, to be sure, you find the name of Riefenstahl, a virtual synonym for the propagandist documentary inspired by totalitarian ideals. In another chapter, "The Growth of an Art," and *passim,* you learn that Eisenstein, and his colleagues in the Soviet film industry, dispensed not propaganda merely but Art. There in the library it becomes clear that *Ten Days That Shook the World,* which glorifies the Bolsheviks, is one of the world's great classics, while *Triumph of the Will,* which glorifies the Nazis, is a repellent, though brilliant, chunk of propaganda.

Film editing manuals cite with reverence the sequence in *Ten Days That Shook the World* depicting Kerensky as a megalomaniacal idiot. Yet Riefenstahl's projection of Hitler's grandiose dream in *Triumph of the Will* isn't understood as craftmanship but as a form of diabolism. Accordingly, Riefenstahl's position in the perspective of motion picture history amounts to little more than a footnote, subsuming her activities under "Nazism" or else "woman directors"; while, in an international poll of film critics conducted in 1962 by the British magazine *Sight and Sound,* Eisenstein was named the greatest director of all time.

What is art and what is propaganda? The only possible answer, of course, lies in a study of the films themselves. But film enthusiasts who would wish to make up their own minds soon discover that Riefenstahl's work is extremely difficult if not impossible to see. Her two major films remain unknown, their oblivion

enforced by a notoriety and by a grossly scandalous *ad feminam* legend unique in the annals of cinema. Among critics who pretend to assess Riefenstahl's contribution to film art, it has been the custom to concede her skill in composition and cutting, the better to anathematize the projects on which it was lavished. Hence this estimate by Richard Griffith, film curator of New York's Museum of Modern Art—whose archives continue to defy both history and reason by classifying *Olympia* as propaganda and Soviet films of the same era as "social films"—in his book *The Film Since Then* (1948): Riefenstahl's, he wrote, was "a talent which we must, however reluctantly, recognize as one of the most brilliant ever to be concerned with films. . . . Let it suffice to say that this woman's knowledge of the power of editing images was profound, nearly as profound as Pabst's[1] or Eisenstein's."

The tone of grudging admiration (and note the peculiar use of "this woman") is the most that Leni Riefenstahl has been accorded by her American critics since her association with the Third Reich began. That association, terminated in 1939 by Riefenstahl herself, has not been permitted to die, in spite of two clearances obtained through de-Nazification proceedings after the war. It is a modern article of faith that true artistry is inimical to ideological servility of any sort. But put that faith to the test—take, in other words, a case where Nazism rather than Communism is the ideology in question—and it instantly reduces to a double standard reserved for the protection of special interests. In short, what brand of propaganda do you like? American Liberals have already gone on record with vociferous approval of a host of Soviet artists from whom "de-Communization" certificates are neither request-

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ed nor expected. Whether the hospitality granted an Eisenstein, who visited America in the thirties, or a Ulanova, who visits us today, will be extended in the case of the German artist, remains shortly to be seen. In accepting an invitation from UCLA to lecture at West Coast universities in the spring of this year, Riefenstahl risks a repetition of her reception in Hollywood in 1938 when she arrived to promote her masterwork *Olympia*. At that time, only one producer, Walt Disney, would receive her; all other Hollywood studios had complied with demands of anti-Nazi organizations to "close their doors to all Nazi agents and other emissaries of Fascism."

The response of the film colony was one of dramatic contrast, as always, to that evoked by the visit of Riefenstahl's Communist counterpart Eisenstein some years previous. That sojourn, and the director's ensuing adventures on this continent, are now a part of Liberal-Left mythology. They mark the point at which Eisenstein, artist of the Worker's Revolution, became Eisenstein, martyr to reactionary philistinism. They illustrate, also, the extremes to which Liberals will go in order to "save the artist"—when the artist is a Communist.

Prerogative of Genius

Eisenstein was hired by Paramount in 1930 to produce either a film of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* or one about the Gold Rush of 1849. After four months on the studio payroll, during which he failed, not unexpectedly, to produce an acceptable script, Eisenstein departed the hospitable place he called Californica for Mexico, the next testing ground of American gullibility.

For their pains (which must have been considerable, especially upon discovering that Eisenstein, the creator of Russian Communist classics, had no intention other than to create American Communist classics), Paramount heads B. P. Schulberg and Jesse Lasky have been memorialized by Eisenstein supporters as the greedy West Coast capitalists who, capitulating to "Red-baiters," gave genius a hard time. Thus was born one of the great sentimentalities of twentieth-century culture, now most noticeably centered around the career of Bertold Brecht—namely that any great artist is welcome to hang his head east or west of Geneva. Eisenstein's flop with the capitalists abroad provided an exact parallel to the bureaucratic interference of Stalinists at home, who in 1927 had forced the great director to edit Trotsky out of his monument to the Bolshevik Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, and who in the thirties and forties were to harry him with repeated charges of deviationism. This equation—America and Russia are equally rough on artists—was sufficiently cherished by enough Liberals to cause them to lend significant support to the subsequent pro-Eisenstein campaign conducted in 1933 by some of the director's more politically perfervid admirers, to whom the scales of injustice were solidly weighted on the American side.

'The System' at Work

The episode of *Que Viva Mexico* is worth reviving briefly because it remains, in the eyes of unreconstructed American leftists, the keystone to Eisenstein's posthumous reputation as a symbol of the creative artist victimized by what they affect to call, with fine impartiality, "the System."

Que Viva Mexico was designed and shot in large part as a Marxist paean to that country, in clear violation of a no-politics clause in Eisenstein's contract with the film's financial backer, the socialist Upton Sinclair. But it would seem that personal as well as political reasons[2] prompted Sinclair to halt production and deny Eisenstein editing rights to the footage that had been shot, instead releasing a fragmented version of his own which had been edited in Hollywood by Sol Lesser. The campaign against the "desecration of a masterpiece" by "sordid commercial interests" was on. As the number one *cause célèbre* of Liberal aesthetes of the 1930s, Eisenstein's Mexican film raised a hullabaloo that surpassed by far the protest over Pasternak's fate in the 1950s.

The suppression of *Bezhin Meadow* in 1937 and Part II of *Ivan the Terrible* in 1946 is frequently adduced as proof of Eisenstein's incorruptible purity, but this view, like that which holds his recantations of "formalist heresies" and "ideological errors" to be "insincere," is special pleading with a vengeance. If the net effect of the Liberals' eulogizing of Eisenstein is to make him seem not really a *real* Communist—an injustice to both the man and his work—they have more than redressed the balance by making Leni Riefenstahl into twice or three times the Nazi she was. They have done this chiefly by cooperating in the continued mislabeling and/or suppression, as "Nazi propaganda," of *Olympia*, a film so innocent of political suggestiveness as to contradict everything the Nazis stood for.

Olympia, or *Olympiad* as it is also known, is a four-hour record of the 1936 Olympic Games, held in Berlin. It might be thought that a year in which the great Negro athlete Jesse Owens beat out all competition would not be the year for Aryans to celebrate "strength through joy," and in fact Owens, whatever he may have been to Hitler and Goebbels, is unquestionably a hero to Leni Riefenstahl. The claim of the Museum of Modern Art that "Miss Riefenstahl's cameramen tried to make him seem merely a splendid animal" is vicious nonsense. It can only derive from a remark delivered, in tingling BBC accents, by the film's narrator during one of Owens' electrifying sprints: "Look at that black panther run!" By 1936 standards of taste, calling Jesse Owens a black panther was no worse than calling Joe Louis a brown bomber, but we are dealing, aren't we? with Nazis. On the contrary. *Olympia* is Riefenstahl without Hitler, without politics of any kind; it is not only her masterpiece but a testament to the art of the German cinema and one of the most extraordinary motion pictures ever made.

Degrees of Commitment

It has been instructive to compare the cases of Eisenstein and Riefenstahl as if their careers ran parallel, one to the other, point for point. Of course they did not. It is finally impossible to speak of Riefenstahl as a Nazi in the same sense that Eisenstein was a Communist. It would be nearer the truth to say that while Eisenstein's whole creative life was informed and directed by the larger

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aims of Soviet world revolution, Riefenstahl was an independent artist whose career notably *includes* collaboration with Nazi aims. *Olympia* is not a collaborationist film. *Que Viva Mexico*, on the other hand, is about as free of political dogma as a mural by Rivera or Siqueiros. Yet Eisenstein's attempt to create it outside official Soviet controls is avidly promoted by Western Liberals eager to endorse his claim to free expression; while Riefenstahl, in precisely the same situation *vis-à-vis* her government, is reviled, and her film condemned.

The banning of *Olympia* dates from 1938, when the American Jewish Congress, in a wholly understandable retaliatory move against both Hitler and the creator of *Triumph of the Will*, successfully urged a distributors' boycott of "this Fascist film." In a review dated December 17, 1938 the *Los Angeles Times* commented:

> It is regrettable that politics should intrude to prevent the general distribution of this feature in America because, contrary to rumor, it is no way a propaganda production but simply a superfine camera analysis of great athletic events accomplished with art and imagination which are international in scope.

First boycotted, then officially confiscated, *Olympia* never gained nationwide distribution. Today, 26 years after it was released and 19 years after the wholesale defeat of Nazi Germany, a tacit ban keeps a film starring Jesse Owens and Glen Morris off the screens of their own country. In England, where the film was seized in September 1939 and never released, John Grierson, the eminent documentarist ("His influence on films has been greater than that of anyone living, except perhaps Eisenstein."—*New Statesman*), was moved to comment:

> We have the case of the German film director Leni Riefenstahl. I am interested because I am a film man and Leni Riefenstahl is one of the world's greatest film makers and certainly the greatest female film maker in history . . . [She] was a propagandist for Germany. Well, so was I a propagandist on the other side and I am pretty sure I have done more anti-Nazi propaganda and more vicious stuff than any other film man in Britain.
>
> Why, I took Leni Riefenstahl's own films and cut them to ribbons to turn German propaganda against itself. But I never made the mistake of forgetting how great she was . . . There have been several Olympic Games in our time and there have been films of all of them, but there was only one really great filmed Olympiad and that was, of course, because Leni Riefenstahl made it . . .
>
> I see in a respected Sunday newspaper that her film was 'full of close-ups of Hitler and the Nazi leaders'! Don't believe a word of it. It is a great filmed report of a public event and no other film has ever been so splendid in its capture of the poetry of athletic motion.

Yet Dr. Grierson, for all his prestige and disarming frankness, appears to have written on water. Later the same year a British writer repeats the old charges in an American publication: ". . . The principal themes were *Kraft dürch Freude*, the fine New Germany, and the personal glorification of a humane, benign Führer . . . a cunning and skilful piece of Nazi propaganda" (*Film Quarterly*, Autumn 1960).

An alternative line of falsification, usually employed in program notes on occasions when the film is actually shown, is that the film is concerned with "a greater super-world . . . inhabited by super-people" (Wisconsin Film Society) and that it surreptitiously, almost subliminally, transmits messages "embodying the Nazi ideals" (Cinema 16). If this were true, it is hardly likely that such contaminated footage would have been shown, as large uncredited portions of *Olympia* were shown, to the American public by the CBS-TV program "The Twentieth Century" in 1960. It is inconceivable that, had Riefenstahl made a Nazi production out of the '36 Olympics, she would have been honored for it by such disparate people as Avery Brundage, who saw to it in 1948 that she was awarded the International Olympic Committee's gold medal and certificate which the war had postponed, and Joseph Stalin, who sent a letter of congratulation to Riefenstahl in 1938, a year marking the release, not only of *Olympia*, but of Eisenstein's appallingly anti-German *Alexander Nevsky*. Contrary to what is commonly supposed, the number of German films with propaganda content in Hitler Germany was relatively small, and the films made under the supervision of Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry amounted to less than 15 per cent of all the features produced during the entire Nazi period. It is ironic—bitterly so, from the Little Doctor's viewpoint—that the best of the National Socialist productions was not even one of these, and that Hitler's most notorious film propagandist never took orders from his propaganda chief. Although it was Goebbels who reportedly introduced them, it was to the Führer personally that Riefenstahl became responsible, an exception to the rule that Goebbels jealously never forgave.

Leni Riefenstahl was the greatest talent developed by the German cinema in the years immediately preceding the rise of Hitler. Unlike Eisenstein, she was already an established figure in her nation's film industry before the advent of a totalitarian regime. A successful actress,

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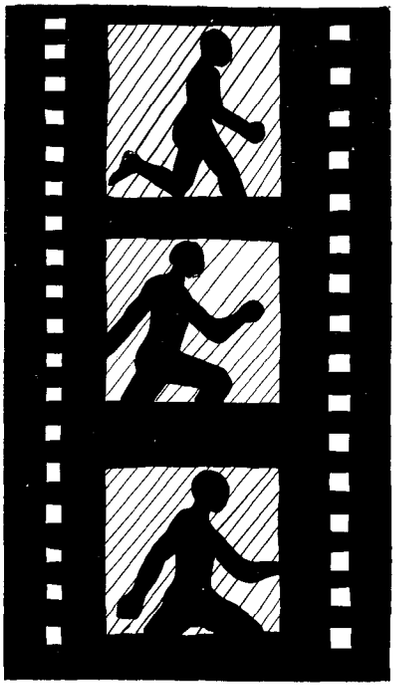
she starred mainly in the then popular "mountain" films, of which Pabst's delightful *The White Hell of Pitz Palü* (1929) remains the best. She began directing in 1931 and is known to have personally produced six films, three of them in behalf of the Third Reich. On direct commission from Hitler, Riefenstahl filmed the events of the 1934 Nazi Party Congress in Nuremberg, transforming them into the stupendous two-hour spectacle called *Triumph of the Will.* With a small army of technicians and cameramen at her disposal, and with complete cooperation from Hitler and the convention's organizers, Riefenstahl created one of the lasting documents of modern political history, a film mirroring every theatrical nuance of the Nazi cult. *Triumph of the Will* is as brutally effective, in its own way, as the Soviet propaganda classics. Unlike them it does not seek to persuade, but to impress. Mighty the film is, with its massed crowds, its endless marching columns, its grimly gala panoply of banners and torches, but there is little here of Eisenstein's "intellectual montage" and nothing of the virulent racist doctrines with which the Nazi regime is identified.

Her Break with the Cause

Almost nothing is known of the two other films that complete Riefenstahl's contribution to the Nazi propaganda effort except that *Victory of Faith* (1933) was a record of the 1933 Party rally and *Day of Freedom: Our Army* (1935) was a documentary about the Wehrmacht made for Hitler's Minister of Defense, Gen. von Blomberg. They were both shorts, intended—like *Triumph of the Will* —for domestic consumption, and are so obscure that, together with the defiantly inapplicable *Olympia,* they are not even mentioned by Siegfried Kracauer in his famously omniscient indictment of the German cinema, *From Caligari to Hitler.*

In September 1939 Riefenstahl, as a uniformed war correspondent, accompanied a camera crew in the wake of the German invasion of Poland. On her first day at the front, she witnessed an incident in which a number of Polish Jewish civilians were shot down by German guards. Riefenstahl protested the outrage but without avail. Ultimately gaining an audience with Hitler, she begged off her war assignment and withdrew at once from all activities pertaining to



the war or to the Third Reich's political cause. During the war years she worked on the innocuous idyll *Tiefland,* an adaptation of Eugene d'Albert's popular operetta, but this was seized along with all her possessions and property, and Riefenstahl herself was arrested, by the Allies in 1945. Between 1948 and 1952 she underwent a long series of trials in which first Allied and then German tribunals rendered the verdict, "No political activity in support of the Nazi regime which would warrant punishment." With the war's end, the rights to Riefenstahl's films became the property of the Alien Custodian Office. They have recently been released by the American Government and, barring the double standard of selection, nothing now prevents their being shown except attitudes like that expressed by a New York exhibitor: "I can't show her films. People don't want to be reminded of the past." Yet it would appear that people are glad to be reminded via atrocity newsreels (*Mein Kampf, Night and Fog, The Black Fox*) and a thriving Eichmann book industry.

When ignorance, misinformation and calumny are all taken into account, only *Triumph of the Will* is left as the hook on which Leni Riefenstahl's reputation is impaled. The rest has been silence—and rumors. To take them separately:

1) Riefenstahl was authorized by the German Government to film *Olympia* as a propaganda vehicle. A falsification. The film was commissioned from Riefenstahl by the International Olympic Committee and the German Government had nothing to do with it. It is not generally known, of course, that the filming of *Olympia* was subjected to a campaign of intimidation instituted by Goebbels. By 1936 relations between Riefenstahl and Goebbels had broken out into open enmity. Goebbels nurtured resentment that the assignment for *Triumph of the Will* had gone to someone outside his authority, someone, moreover, who was not even a Party member. He took his revenge on *Olympia,* ordering SS men to displace equipment and otherwise harass technical personnel in an attempt to block production. At a social gathering he reportedly denounced Riefenstahl as a non-Aryan. Hitler, embarrassed by the situation, ordered a public "reconciliation" to be held for the benefit of the press on the lawn of Riefenstahl's Berlin home; there, in the presence of the Führer, Goebbels presented her with a bouquet.

2) Versions of *Olympia* distributed to other countries, notably Germany, contain high dosages of propaganda excised from the U.S. version. Widely believed, widely unsupported. Different language versions of *Olympia* were released, according to Olympics regulations, to all countries participating in the '36 Games. They differed in no significant degree. What was subsequently done with these prints (see John Grierson's remarks above) is not Riefenstahl's business.

3) Riefenstahl was not the editor of *Olympia.* This is the damned-if-she-did, damned-if-she-didn't rou-

1. G. W. Pabst: One of the most gifted of all German film makers, the director of *The Joyless Street, Kameradschaft, The Love of Jeanne Ney* and *The Three-Penny Opera,* and a self-styled left-winger throughout his career, he incurred the wrath of fellow leftists by returning to his native Austria in 1939, remaining through the *Anschluss,* and continuing with sporadic film activities in Germany during the war years. Charges of collaborationism would seem to have put an end to his career.

2. One reason, as given by Sinclair in a letter to Eisenstein's biographer, Marie Sexton: "All his associates were Trotskyites, and all homos."

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tine. No one who has pressed this charge has been heard to suggest that credit should also be denied Riefenstahl for *Triumph of the Will.*

Leni Riefenstahl was blacklisted by the West German film industry and remains so to this day. Although revivals of her early, pre-Hitler production *The Blue Light* are now acclaimed in her homeland, it has been 19 years since "the greatest female film maker in history" has been able to complete a film. The world has not mourned the lost films and the lost years the way it has mourned *Que Viva Mexico, Bezhin Meadow* and *Ivan Grozny* Part II. The shame of Riefenstahl, the glory of Eisenstein, cannot be contemplated without awe for the wonder-working ways of Liberal politics. If ever there was a chapter history has written backwards, this is one, and if ever the whole sorry saga of movies in our time is going to be understood, let it begin here: with those whose influence upon the destinies of films, and of their makers, has been that of a gang of biddies squealing, "*Loved* him, *hated* her."

They Wonder Why Congress Is So Slow

A rundown, somewhat abridged, of what can happen when the Executive Branch doesn't want to answer a question Congress has every right to ask

Mr. Passman (Otto E. Passman, D., La.). You have a right to your opinion, but I want to ask you about this—"Bell Defends UN Aid to Cuba."

Mr. Bell (David E. Bell, Administrator, AID). I have never seen that story.

Mr. Passman. I am going to show it to you.

Mr. Bell. The United States is against that aid to Cuba, as you know. That is what I have said consistently. We do not like it.

Mr. Passman. I do not like it either. However, I shall quote: "Foreign Aid Administrator David Bell has told Congress that the West gets more than it gives by participating in a United Nations program which is providing agricultural aid to Cuba over U.S. protest."

Mr. Bell. The totals, as you know, sir, are favorable to the free world.

Mr. Passman. We contribute, do we not, 40 per cent of the Special Fund in the United Nations?

Mr. Bell. Yes, sir.

Mr. Passman. And if you make an allocation to Cuba out of that Special Fund it simply means 40 per cent of it represents American dollars, does it not?

Mr. Bell. But the point is that of the total expenditures of the Special Fund, 98 per cent goes for projects in countries friendly to the West.

Mr. Passman. That is not the question. If we make a contribution of 40 per cent U.S. dollars to the Special Fund in the United Nations, then would it not be kind of like what we call a mulligan in Louisiana—you get out in the woods on a camping trip, you take a coon, a possum, a squirrel, a couple of chickens and a quail, stir in a lot of potatoes and beans and call it a mulligan. When it is stirred up in that pot you do not know whether you are eating coon or possum; it just tastes good.

When you get that money in the United Nations, it is in that Fund, we lose control, and there is no way that you can say there is no part of it that is U.S. dollars.

Mr. Bell. I did not say that. . . . I am saying that of the total expenditures of the UN Special Fund, 98 per cent goes to countries on our side of the Iron Curtain and 2 per cent to the others.

Mr. Passman. You do know of the amount sent to Cuba?

Mr. Bell. I am counting Cuba on the Russian side of the Iron Curtain. The contribution of the Communist countries is some $8.2 million, or 3.4 per cent, so that actually we are getting a net benefit from the operation, not they. That is the only point I have ever made.

Mr. Passman. Now, let us get back to my question. . . . We contribute 40 per cent of the Special Fund, and if you make a contribution out of that Special Fund to Cuba or any other country, the fact is that 40 per cent of it represents a contribution from the United States, does it not?

Mr. Bell. I imagine it depends on how they keep their bank accounts and their books.

Mr. Passman. I am making a statement of fact that if we put up 40 per cent and all the other contributors put up 60 per cent, if you make an allocation out of that Fund, 40 per cent would represent American dollars, would it not?

Mr. Bell. Well, yes, sir; but if this project, for example, was funded entirely with French francs and comes out of the French contribution, then it wouldn't use our dollars. But that is a matter of the way the bank account is kept.

Mr. Passman. You know I am making an accurate analysis of it. am I not?

Mr. Bell. If you are talking about the total. . . .

Mr. Passman. I am talking about the total.

Mr. Bell. We put up 40 per cent of the total resources of the Fund; that is correct.

Mr. Passman. All others contribute 60 per cent and we contribute 40 per cent?

Mr. Bell. That is right.

Mr. Passman. You would expect that if a contribution is made you would have to receive it in that light, that 40 per cent of it is U.S. tax dollars and 60 per cent is from other nations. If you do not do that in some subsequent allocation we may be contributing 60 per cent against 40 per cent.

Mr. Bell. That is right. The funding of a particular project, however, is

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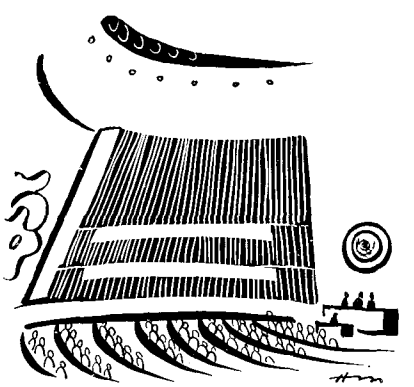
handled on the basis of the need for particular currencies. . . . [But] you will have Harlan Cleveland before this committee soon and he will of course have the details on this. . . .

Mr. Passman. We are putting up 40 per cent of the total in this special fund. The Cubans can participate in this fund?
Mr. Cleveland. (Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs). They can participate in the fund taken as a whole.
Mr. Passman. It goes in this pot, does it not, Mr. Cleveland, when we make our contribution? It is taken over by some arm of the UN. Then they have charge of the funds and who should get it from that point on, do they not?
Mr. Cleveland. The machinery that has charge of the fund includes an intergovernmental committee on which we are represented.
Mr. Passman. I know we are represented. After it goes into the UN that committee determines what nations are to get the money, does it not?
Mr. Cleveland. Yes.
Mr. Passman. If you give to Cuba—this is hypothetical—$10 million, it simply means $4 million would be American dollars, or the equivalent?
Mr. Cleveland. It would depend. . . .
Mr. Passman. It makes no difference where it comes from. If we put up 40 per cent of the total whatever goes to any nation, 40 per cent of it would be the U.S. contribution.
Mr. Cleveland. There are two points, Mr. Chairman.
Mr. Passman. If we put up 40 per cent of the total fund, and after it leaves us and gets into the UN the committee determines what applications will be approved. Then if you make a contribution, say of $10 million to Cuba, technically $4 million of that would be the U.S. contribution, would it not?
Mr. Cleveland. Technically it would not be useless. . . .
Mr. Passman. Straight to the point, it would be, would it not?
Mr. Cleveland. Not unless a part of the services supplied by the UN agency to Cuba were paid for from the U.S. contribution.
Mr. Passman. Do we designate the nations to receive our money and for what projects and in what amount?
Mr. Cleveland. No, sir.
Mr. Passman. Do we have the right to say on this particular project, "No part of any U.S. funds will be available?"
Mr. Cleveland. No, we have the right to oppose the project as a whole.
Mr. Passman. The entire project?
Mr. Cleveland. Yes.
Mr. Passman. But when the contribution gets into this account, whatever distribution is made, each grant, 40 per cent of it represents American dollars, does it not, or the equivalent?
Mr. Cleveland. No sir; not quite. It depends on where the resources come from.
Mr. Passman. Let us try to put the shoe on the other foot. Can you assure the committee that no part of



this 40 per cent contribution we are making is going to reach Cuba direcly or indirectly?
Mr. Cleveland. No, sir; because that depends. . . .
Mr. Passman. You answered my question the hard way.
Mr. Cleveland. What I mean is that the 40 per cent contribution does not buy us 10 per cent control over the UN.
Mr. Passman. I am not talking about control. I am talking about the end results, Mr. Cleveland.
Mr. Cleveland. In order to answer your question, yes, I would have to say that 40 per cent contribution buys us 100 per cent control over the organization.
Mr. Passman. It does or does not?
Mr. Cleveland. It does not.
Mr. Passman. Here is a fund that is created. We put in 40 per cent, some other nation puts in one-half of 1 per cent, some other nation 3 per cent. When you get through you wind up with a certain amount of money.
Mr. Cleveland. Yes.
Mr. Passman. Forty per cent of the total represents a U.S. contribution.
Mr. Cleveland. That is right.
Mr. Passman. We contribute 40 per cent of the aggregate to the total fund. What was the amount for calendar year 1963? Does the Comptroller have the information?
Mr. Tennant. (Comptroller, AID). No, sir.
Mr. Passman. I hope you will help us on this, Mr. Cleveland. What was the total amount of this special fund? We would like that figure for 1963.
Mr. Cleveland. The special fund taken by itself. . . .
Mr. Passman. That is what we want.
Mr. Cleveland (continuing). For 1963, the total amount is $74,500,000.
Mr. Passman. Of the $74,500,000, what percentage did the U.S. put up?
Mr. Cleveland. Forty per cent. There is an additional element in each project.
Mr. Passman. Let us deal with the total.
Mr. Cleveland. My point is that the way they count it, it is not the total because there is an additional element of the local costs put in.
Mr. Passman. If we do something for the local people they are supposed to put something in.
Mr. Cleveland. I agree with you.
Mr. Passman. Let us talk about the contribution.
Mr. Cleveland. Yes, sir.
Mr. Passman. Say that an application comes in to the UN committee for a million dollars to Cuba. If you approve this application, whether you pay Cuba with rupees, rubles, yen, kip, or U.S. dollars, when you have finally met that payroll of a million dollars out of the $74,500,000 you have reduced the $74,500,000 to $73,500,000, have you not?
Mr. Cleveland. Yes, sir.
Mr. Passman. Would you agree that when you make this allocation you are then reducing the grand total, of which we contribute 40 per cent, by the amount of the allocation, whether it is fodder, hay, rupees or rubles that you give them?
Mr. Cleveland. I would like to agree with you with a preamble, if I may.
Mr. Passman. Thank you for agreeing with me.
Mr. Cleveland. Excuse me, Mr. Chairman. There is a problem here.
Mr. Passman. I know there is a problem. . . .

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Principles and Heresies

President Johnson and the Tides of Ideology

FRANK S. MEYER

We live, unfortunately for us, in an Age of Ideology. The temptation to ignore this is very great; we would all prefer to be living in an Age of Civility. But understandable though it be to yield to this temptation, doing so only condemns the analyst to skim the surface of reality and fail utterly to penetrate its meaning.

Meyer

The personal style of a political leader, for example, might have been of decisive importance in 18th-century France before the Revolution, or 19th-century England before World War I, or in the early years of the American Republic before the Civil War; but to talk today of personal political style as a decisive factor in political events is to talk nonsense. When a man arises among us who can seriously affect our present trends by his personal force, it will not be because of his "style," but because of his devotion to the principles upon which our civilization is founded, and because of the energy and ability he shows in fighting the ideologies and the ideologists. Men lacking these stigmata are certain — however much their style may differ one from another—to be intellectually the prisoners, practically the administrators, of the prevailing ideologies.

Thus, most of the speculation about what kind of a president Lyndon Johnson is going to be is beside the point. There are certain fairly fixed limits within which a President from the Democratic Party must move if he wants to be renominated and re-elected. For, although the Democratic Party is an American institution and is therefore structurally not an ideological organization, its national leadership since the days of Franklin Roosevelt has been and remains inherently tied to the service of the Liberal ideology.

However much Johnson may differ from Kennedy in personal style, two things are certain. Neither has been distinguished for his principled hostility to Liberal ideology, and neither has shown a haughty disdain for the practical problems of renomination and re-election. It was predictable on November 22 that Lyndon Johnson would continue, with greater or less speed, the Liberal revolution and the Liberal attack upon the Constitution. The gruesome event that made him President can no more change the course of American politics than would the election of a Republican of the Rockefeller stripe.

The direction of his course, I repeat, was predictable on November 22, but it might have been possible to question then how rapid that course would be. The weeks that have passed since, however, would seem to show that it is likely to be very rapid (and I make this prediction writing some time before the State of the Union message, with full knowledge that what I write will be read after that message is delivered). Indeed there is evidence that his course may be more rapid than that of John F. Kennedy.

Nor, perhaps, is this to be wondered at in a man who began his national political career in 1937 as a servitor of the New Deal and a congressional henchman of FDR and has since shown no evidence of any observable ideas deviating from the Liberal ideology. As the Fair Deal followed the New Deal, and the New Frontier followed the Fair Deal, Mr. Johnson well and faithfully served each in turn.

There is, indeed, reason to believe that on the domestic front the new Administration may strike out in a spirit more Rooseveltian than Kennedyian. That the rhetoric of FDR's "one-third of a nation ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed" runs in his head, and in a peculiarly grandiose manner, was demonstrated in Mr. Johnson's speech to the UN, where he extended the concept to the whole world, with promises of a welfare program for "that one-third of mankind that is still beset by hunger and poverty and disease."

Domestically, two "task forces" are at work drafting "a declaration of war against poverty," to be implemented by a "poverty package," which would not only pick up Kennedy's Medicare and domestic Peace Corps but add a dozen other projects ranging from greatly expanded food-stamp and "depressed-area" (read "pork-barrel") programs through various forms of "children's aid" to federal educational and "re-training" activities of all kinds. Just how all this (which, by a modest estimate, could cost a minimum of $5 billion) goes with the much-touted economy drive is anyone's guess—but, then, without any additional expenditures, the President has admitted that the new budget will reach 102 or 103 billion dollars anyway. Lyndon Johnson's ranch may be in Texas but his heart belongs to the people he telephoned in his first hours as President: men like David Dubinsky of the ILGWU and James Farmer of CORE.

On foreign and military policy, the weeks since President Johnson's assumption of office give indications even more explicit—alarming indications that the Kennedy policy of appeasement, retreat, and drift towards unilateral disarmament [see "Principles and Heresies," *NR*, 8/13/63] will continue, and very possibly at an accelerated pace. In his address to the Joint Session of Congress on November 27, as in his address to the United Nations on December 17, he projected, in terms even more unrealistic than those of his predecessor, a view of the world that totally ignores the drive of the Communist enemy to world conquest. On the basis of that conspectus, he confirmed a policy that rejects victory over the enemy as a national goal, filling the void with bombastic and empty talk of "peace" when there is no peace. He has fulsomely proclaimed, as the sustaining elements of this policy, his reliance on the three hollow pillars of the shoddy

(Continued on p. 40)

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Special Report

The End of Reformers in Latin America

JOHN W. F. DULLES

According to a common generalization, Latin America is a place where the military forces, the great landowners, and the rich businessmen are reactionaries fighting against reforms that would bless their countries and raise the downtrodden. But there are so many exceptions to this idea that it is virtually useless.

When I was in Argentina last year, it was clear that the military leaders stood for two things: supporting anti-Castro action by the OAS, and preventing the return of Perón. Their views, especially about Cuba, brought them into conflict with President Frondizi. Ultimately, when they saw a Peronista-Communist coalition about to seize control of Argentina, they took drastic action themselves.

In Brazil, no matter what you think of the position taken by the armed forces ministers after President Quadros resigned, it is clear that they acted chiefly to fend off a major Communist incursion. They didn't want to seize the political administration; they haven't done so; and they haven't barred social reforms.

Mr. A. A. Berle Jr., who served as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs during the Roosevelt and Truman years, and who has served as ambassador to Brazil, had this to say recently about Latin American military organizations: "Latin American armies differ from country to country but they are responsible for and to the best of their ability have maintained constitutional democratic governments over most of the region, and their officers are as enlightened and patriotic as most citizens."

As to the landowners, experience shows that the mere breaking up of large estates leads to a drop in food production, at least for an interim period. Bolivia suffers from such an "agrarian reform" and Castro's land distribution program has led to such serious under-production of food that he has decided not to go further with his version of "reform."

Obviously the mere possession of land, or transfer of title, has little to do with production. Latin American landowners, using their experience and a knowledge of new techniques and the new machinery they have invested in, have increased their food production about 60 per cent since 1940. Many have done even better. But, now that the threat of "reform" is in the air, many productive landowners hesitate to make any new investment in the machinery so badly needed for continuing progress.

Mr. Berle once again has cogent comment: he says it is a misconception to consider "agricultural reform" always and everywhere a "good thing." Indeed, he says it is at least plausible that the outcry for such reform comes primarily from "intellectuals and politicians" and not from the tenant farmers themselves.

Misleading Statistics

As to the industrialists, the statistics of income distribution may be seriously misleading. In Venezuela, for example, 10 per cent of the population receives 80 per cent of the national income. But the national income itself is so small in Venezuela and in other Latin American countries that if all of it were distributed evenly it would only mean that everyone would be poor. The area of industrial production simply is too small; the majority of the people exist outside the economic structure.

Suppose we find a state that has no industry, and suppose one industry moves in, looking for profits. Suppose it brings good earnings for the owners, good taxes for the state, and relatively good conditions for its employees, though 90 per cent of the population has nothing to do with it. Certain politicians, ever mindful of the 90 per cent, would trot out the banner of "reform" by limiting the profit remittances, or threatening expropriation, or indulging in chaotic inflation. Yet expropriation would hardly increase the average income of the whole population, and the political cry for "reform" scares away any other industries that might have considered setting up a new plant in that state.

Our own country owed much of its economic development to European capital. But foreign capital is not the only resource that has shied away from Latin America. The Foreign Minister of one of the largest countries in Latin America recently stated that his countrymen are holding in the U.S., in Switzerland, and elsewhere an amount equal to 150 per cent of the largest possible sum his country might obtain through the Alliance for Progress. Quite clearly that country (and others like it) might have the benefit of enormous amounts of capital investment if its politicians would forgo what the Chase Manhattan Bank recently called "the barrage of propaganda against free enterprise."

I think we have to remember always that those who call for state ownership of industry do not have the most helpful solutions to economic problems. Demagogues, organizing noisy demonstrations against "the Trusts" and "the Yankee Imperialists," and setting themselves up as the champions of the poor, more often than not succeed in driving away precisely that capital, foreign and domestic, which is most needed.

Mr. Algosaray, the Economics Minister of Argentina, has written that it is customary in some cases "to encourage the ultranationalistic and socialistic groups, believing they are popular and represent Latin American feeling." But, he adds, that is "a basic error."

This is not to say that there aren't some kinds of reform that could be useful. But the situation is so complicated that we cannot delude ourselves with comfortable generalizations that may be simple but are far from fair. And it does no good to sneer about "reactionaries" when certain Latin Americans take a bold and reasonable stand against the ultranationalists and socialists, and oppose the demagogic legislative programs they seem to favor.

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Is Lenin's Face Red?

NOEL STOCK

Most historians in the past two hundred years have assumed the inevitable progress of man and handled their facts accordingly. But the idea of inevitable progress has run into some trouble: men like Raymond de Roover in the United States and M. M. Postan in England are drawing aside some of the fables which surround the social history of the Middle Ages (especially as it relates to the Renaissance). The painstaking factual enquiries which are now rescuing certain aspects of medieval life from the assumptions and prejudices of the Enlightenment indicate that the spectacular revival of Europe during the Middle Ages was followed by slump and depression.

Two Yale scholars, A. S. Lopez and H. A. Miskimin, in a belligerent attempt to overcomes academic resistance to uncomfortable facts, have recently published an article called simply "The Economic Depression of the Renaissance." Professor Lopez says that at a 1954 meeting of the American Historical Association, "my comments on what I then believed (and still believe) to be the basic economic trend of the Renaissance 'elicited lively discussion,' which is a polite understatement of the fact that I narrowly escaped lynching."

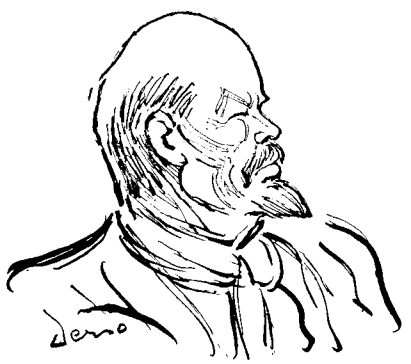
The Path of Progress

One of the more serious consequences of the idea of inevitable progress was Marxism and Communism. By 1916 when Lenin published his influential work *Imperialism, the Highest State of Capitalism*, the path of progress was quite clear: "competitive capitalism" had already moved into the stage of "monopoly capitalism," and would be followed by wars among the imperialist states, proletarian revolutions in these countries, and then the creation of "socialist states." This was the path of progress and it was all quite inevitable.

But what now begins to emerge from detailed examination is that Lenin's famous linking together of imperialism and capitalism, which was accepted by people of many different views, was based upon an historical howler of the first water.

Very briefly, Lenin asserted that the sudden increase in the collection of overseas colonies by the European powers after 1870 was a necessity; it was forced on them by capitalism, the very nature of which produced a surplus of domestic capital, causing a pressure which forced these countries to invest in, and take over, the undeveloped regions of the world.

Lenin's idea was first put forward in 1902 by the Englishman J. A. Hobson in his book *Imperialism: A Study*. He showed that during the period



in which British overseas possessions jumped ahead by 4,754 million square miles, her overseas investments increased about tenfold. Without any further enquiry, or so it appears, Hobson jumped to the conclusion that these two sets of figures—the increase in colonies and the increase in overseas investments—were related, and produced the following summary:

> Overproduction in the sense of an excessive manufacturing plant, and surplus capital which could not find sound investment within the country, forced Great Britain, Germany, Holland, France to place larger and larger portions of their economic resources outside the area of their present political domain, and then stimulate a policy of political expansion so as to take in new areas.

This generalization quickly became part and parcel of socialist thought and finally entered into the making of history in a big way in 1916 when V. I. Lenin, on the basis of Hobson's figures, announced that imperialism was an inherent unavoidable stage in the growth of capitalist society. Since there had been a sudden burst of colonial expansion by the European powers after 1870 and also a huge increase in overseas investments by these same powers about the same time, Lenin and Hobson could argue that the two sets of facts were connected.

But had they extended their enquiries a little further they would have found that they were entirely wrong in assuming that any large portion of Britain's huge overseas investments went to those undeveloped parts of Africa and Asia which figured in the great outburst of imperial fervor after 1870. Instead, the bulk of it up to 1911 went to a group of developing nations both inside and outside the British Empire: the United States, £688m., South America, £587m., Canada, £372m., Australia, £380m., India and Ceylon £365m., and South Africa £351m. By contrast the amounts that went to the recently acquired colonies which swelled the acreage of the British Empire, were relatively small: West Africa £29m., the Straits and Malay States, £22m., and the remaining British possessions £33m.

Generally speaking, the colonies for which the great powers began to compete after 1870 were of purely marginal economic importance, and there is now a growing literature which points towards the fact that the great age of imperialism was the product, not of capitalism, but of bluff and the fight for status and prestige among the powers of Europe.

Figures throwing doubt on Hobson's generalization were already available in the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* as early as 1911, but historians generally do not seem to have been in any great hurry to bring them to our attention. There is a wealth of sad commentary on the ideologically produced blindness of modern scholarship in D. K. Fieldhouse's statement that: "For all its success, Hobson's argument has always been extremely vulnerable to criticism and it is therefore surprising that those historians and economists who have argued effectively that his analysis is basically unsound should have received so little attention."

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Report from the Bench

The Heisters' Day in Court

JAMES J. LEFF

Appellants are three lay ministers belonging to a militant fundamentalist sect known as "Heisters," so called because of their practice of proclaiming their missions with the pronouncement, "This is a heist."

The basic tenets of their sect are derived from Proverbs, XXIV:28 "He that trusteth in his riches shall fall." Eccl. III:12 "The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." Matt. XIX:24 "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," and from Luke I:53 "He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away."

On September 20, 1968, the three appellants entered McGloyn's Bar and Grill on Northern Boulevard in Flushing, Queens, an establishment licensed for the retail sale of spirits. Among the patrons present were two members of the New York City Police Department, off duty, out of uniform and armed. One of the appellants stationed himself at the front door, a second at the side, or "family entrance" and the third, the "preacher of the day," stood at the center of the room. All three kept their hands in the pockets of their leather jackets, their customary garb, in what they solemnly described at the trial as "a traditional attitude of prayer."

Restless Audience

The preacher of the day barely had an opportunity to announce his mission and commence the proselytizing of the assemblage when one of the patrons picked up a bar stool and assaulted him with it. A second patron, nearest the front entrance, struck the minister standing there with a beer bottle and the other minister was tackled by two occupants of a booth and thrown to the floor. The assaults continued in what could only have been a deliberate defiance of ordinary official duty on the part of the police, *i.e.*, refusal to accord protection to citizens in the exercise of their constitutional right to practise the free exercise of their religion. It was only after the appellants had been beaten into submission that the police intervened, and then to take *them* into custody. Relying on a long-standing state statute (Penal Law SS 2120 *et seq.*), a statute designed to cover the crime of robbery, the police officers arrested the three ministers. At their trial on the charge of robbery, the Court refused a defense request that the indictment be dismissed on the ground that the arrest constituted an interference with appellants' constitutional rights under the First Amendment. This Court agreed to review the affirmance of the conviction.

The religious ritual of the appellants, needless to say, does not conform to the more conventional religious practices of older and more established denominations. Yet in so characterizing the "Heister" ritual, this Court is at the threshold of impinging on the very area which it is proscribed from entering by the First Amendment. As Mr. Justice Douglas, speaking for the majority of the Court in *United States* v. *Ballard* said:

> If one could be sent to jail because a jury in a hostile environment found those teachings false, little indeed would be left of religious freedom. . . . The religious views espoused by respondents might seem incredible, if not preposterous, to most people. But if those doctrines are subject to trial before a jury charged with finding their truth or falsity, then the same can be done with the religious beliefs of any sect. 322 U.S. 78, 87.

The peripatetic clergymen in the instant case were set upon almost immediately after they announced their mission. Completely lacking was the full and healthy interchange of ideas and expression of opinion which are the bone and sinew of our democratic institutions. The assault took place in full view of the two policemen who subsequently made the arrests. Mr. Justice Black, dissenting in *Feiner* v. *New York*, prophesied just such a situation as arose in the case at bar when he said:

> Their duty was to protect petitioner's right to talk, even to the extent of arresting the man who threatened to interfere. Instead, they shirked that duty and acted only to suppress the right to speak. . . . I think that the policeman's action was a "deliberate defiance" of ordinary official duty as well as of the constitutional right of free speech. 340 U.S. 315, 327.

The respondent's contention that upon the uncontroverted proof at appellants' trial, appellants were shown to have been previously convicted on several occasions under armed robbery statutes and that never before had they asserted their religious persuasions is without merit. Although we are not called upon to pass upon the highly prejudicial character of such proof, we take judicial notice that it is not common among proselytizers to concentrate recruitment among the downtrodden. That before conversion these appellants may have lapsed into anti-social behavior has no bearing whatsoever on their demeanor after they joined the sect known as the "Heisters."

Questionable Testimony

Respondent further asserts that the appellants appeared to the imbibers present to approximate the behavior of criminals in the act of "sticking up a ginmill." Probable cause for invoking the harsh processes of the criminal law however requires more than the misty impressions derived from local prejudices held by the habitués of drinking establishments and of policemen who frequent such places. See: *Mapp* v. *Ohio* 367 U.S. 643.

We need not pass upon the question of what determination this Court might make if the appellants were armed. Such was not the case, but we point out that in the light of the assault that took place, they might have been well advised to avail themselves of their constitutional right to bear arms and to thus afford themselves the protection which the duly constituted civil authorities failed to afford. The judgment of conviction is reversed.

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Left Statisticians at Play

The Golden Barrel

HENRY HAZLITT

How many misstatements and wrong conclusions can you pack into a hundred words? You will find it hard to beat the record of T. R. B. in The *New Republic* of November 9:

> Do you remember the articles appearing five or six years ago attacking labor for exorbitant wage demands . . . ? Well, the Labor Department hasn't ceased to compile comparative figures in this field but you probably haven't heard about them recently because they show corporate profits way up; wage increases badly lagging. The reason seems simple enough: with continuing unemployment and automation, corporations have labor over a barrel; management is sitting pretty: steady prices, zooming profits and worried labor. No wonder the stock market soars—and probably will, till some day workers' inadequate consuming power fails to buy the goods corporations produce.

I can't credit T. R. B. with much originality in the foregoing misinformation. It is simply one more version of the myth that the leftists and union leaders have been seeking to establish for years by sheer repetition.

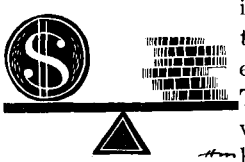
Fortunately, when I turned to refresh my memory of the figures that refute it I found the work already done on November 6 by Roger A. Freeman of The Hoover Institution at Stanford University in 60 pages of testimony before the Senate Finance Committee against the new tax bill. The premise of the proposed tax cut (like T. R. B.'s) is that the major economic lag in recent years occurred in consumption expenditures. Mr. Freeman showed that this is not borne out by the record. Most of the figures and comparisons that follow can be found in his testimony.

Since 1956, consumption as well as government spending have expanded substantially while business profits and investments have lagged. Between 1956 and the first nine months of 1963 (seasonally adjusted) personal consumption went up $101 billion and government purchases $45 billion. But corporate net profits increased only $3 billion.

Over the same period labor income increased $95 billion, and total disposable income $106 billion. But business and professional income advanced only $5.4 billion.

Expressed in constant dollars, labor income increased 25 per cent over the past seven years and personal consumption 21 per cent. But business and professional income (in constant dollars) grew only 3 per cent, corporate profits declined 1 per cent, and investment in new plant and equipment shrank 5 per cent. But government purchases for defense expanded 24 per cent and for civilian purposes 55 per cent. In brief, what has been lagging is not labor income or personal consumption, but business profits and productive investment.

This was recognized even in the President's Economic Report of January 1963. Discussing the disappointing trends in 1962, it pointed out that "it was therefore the failure of expenditures *other than consumption* [my italics] to rise as far as had been expected that held down the rise in incomes and in turn in consumers' expenditures. The error, then, was in the area of business investment which fell about $8 billion short of the level that had been expected for the year 1962" (p. 15). But neither the Council of Economic Advisers nor the subsequent Tax Message drew the obvious policy conclusions.



If we want economic conditions to improve more rapidly we must follow policies that will lead to a greater share of our resources being put into capital formation and less into current consumption. The way to encourage capital investment is to encourage profits, and not constantly discourage and denounce them. Yet, over a longer period, profits have been comparatively lagging. The First National City Bank of New York reported return on net assets of leading corporations at a high of 13.3 per cent in 1950. This declined to 11.3 per cent by 1956. It has been below 10 per cent since 1958. It stood at 9.1 per cent in 1962. As a percentage of gross national product, corporate profits before taxes declined from 14.3 per cent in 1950, to 10.7 per cent in 1956, and to 8.8 per cent (seasonally adjusted) in the first nine months of 1963.

As a percentage of national income, corporate profits after taxes averaged: from 1948 to 1952, 7.7 per cent; from 1953 to 1957, 6.3 per cent; from 1958 to 1962, 5.4 per cent; and for the first nine months of 1963 (seasonally adjusted), 5.6 per cent.

Factory Wages Increase

Now let us come back to T. R. B.'s complaint that though corporate profits are "way up," wage increases are "badly lagging," because "corporations have labor over a barrel." Out of a mass of statistics it is sufficient, I think, to point to the fact that average weekly wages of factory workers reached $100.53 in October, their highest level on record. This compares with $78.78 in 1956, an increase of 27.6 per cent. It compares with $24.76 in 1929, an increase of 306 per cent. (Even after allowing for the increase in consumer prices, the increase in "real" weekly wages is still 92 per cent.) If this is what it means to be over a barrel, labor would do well to straddle that barrel.

If there is unemployment, it is not because wage rates have lagged, but precisely because wage rates for some groups have been pushed too high (either by minimum wage laws or by union pressure) so that these workers cannot be employed at a profit. And if T. R. B. thinks this is merely the opinion of reactionaries, we can refer him to a statement by John Maynard Keynes in *Essays in Persuasion* in 1932:

"Unemployment, I must repeat, exists because employers have been deprived of profit. The loss of profit may be due to all sorts of causes. But, short of going over to Communism, there is no possible means of curing unemployment except by restoring to employers a proper margin of profit."

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Expansion and Decay in British Education

The degradation of the democratic dogma is at work in Britain as much as anywhere in the world. Education is a good thing, the public feels vaguely; superior people generally are educated thoroughly; therefore educate *everyone* thoroughly, and everybody will be superior to everybody else.

Kirk

This is the British equivalent of what Dr. Ernest van den Haag calls "America's secular religion" of educationism. It is part and parcel of that dim and dreary *Future of Education* described by Dr. Thomas Molnar in his mordant little book. "Education" is expected to make everybody happy and rich and good. Away with the bad old notion that higher education was for people of higher talents.

Two official British reports on education, published in October, reflect the leveling impulse. As everybody knows, the English are the most snobbish of races. A snob is a person who pretends to be something he actually is not. Well, educational snobbery is one of the more disagreeable forms of that vice, but it exerts power in Britain, today, at least as great as in America.

The Newsom Report

One of these documents is the Newsom Report on secondary schooling in England. Mr. J. H. Newsom, speaking for the official Central Advisory Council for Education, wants to keep every young person in school full time, until at least his sixteenth year. You can't have too much of a good thing. Especial effort is to be devoted to "the education of pupils aged thirteen to sixteen of average and less than average ability"—not, apparently, to the encouragement of superior gifts.

These schools that cater to those of "average and less than average ability" are to be all things to all boys and girls. They are to inculcate morality, for instance: "firm guidance on sexual morality, based on chastity before marriage and fidelity within it." Just how these approved attitudes are to be imparted without a foundation of religious instruction—which British state schools retain only in the skimpiest and most generalized form—the Newsom Report does not suggest.

In this expectation that state schooling can produce, almost automatically, moral adjustment to life, the Newsom Report seems heavily influenced by the doctrines of John Dewey's school, now so much discredited in America. Deweyite doctrines are even more easily discerned in the plan for a kind of "life-adjustment" terminal year of schooling, a year more than the present curriculum allows. During this year, the pupils will be initiated into work and leisure—so Mr. Newsom says. "This means taking the pupils mentally and often physically beyond the school walls. It also means bringing men and women from the world outside the walls into the school. It almost certainly demands a greater flexibility in the timetable and the methods of study." Uh huh: on we stride into the slogan-world of Progressivism.

Mr. Newsom and his colleagues reject the reactionary illusion that intelligence is innate; they think that social environment is all. And thus Britain shambles toward a future of the mass-mind, and a probable decay of leadership in every walk of life—if the Newsomites have their way. (And no political faction dares, as yet, to say them nay.)

For British higher education, the counterpart of the Newsom Report is Lord Robbins' recommendations on behalf of the Committee on Higher Education. The proportion of young Englishmen attending universities and quasi-universities must be more than doubled, Lord Robbins insists: by 1980, there ought to be 560,000 places available for students at university colleges and technical colleges.

Scowling ominously at old-fangled Oxbridge attitudes, Lord Robbins demands that the two great English universities modernize their administrative and financial arrangements, and in general become Democratic and Progressive. If they don't, "they should be the subject of independent inquiry"—presumably by a Royal Commission.

Standards Will Drop

The London *Times* took alarm editorially at the leveling implications of the Robbins Report. Lord Robbins' scheme, the *Times* suggests, may "work to dilute the academic standards in the universities," through fetching in a multitude of ill-prepared and substantially inferior students. Also the Robbins Report makes no adequate provision for the host of new professors and lecturers who would be required for this expansion. Even enthusiasts for large-scale university expansion, like Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, confess that academic attainment will fall a little. The disheartening effect of mass education upon really earnest and competent students, so noticeable on American campuses, is as yet only an abstract speculation in Britain—but it won't be abstract much longer.

The cost of higher education, according to Lord Robbins and his associates, will be quadrupled. Where is the money to come from? No one looks very closely into the unpleasant possibility that, in part, the "democratizing" of universities will be paid for by diminishing the amount of time and money spent upon truly humane studies, pure science, and anything which does not have popular appeal.

In Britain, as in America, perhaps the best mode of escape from this form of snobbery would be to confer the doctorate upon all infants at birth. Then those strange souls who are interested in learning for learning's sake no longer would attract the envy of folk who desire the prestige of a university degree without the intellectual discipline that distinction once demanded.

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The Claims of the Court

L. BRENT BOZELL

The canons of academic discourse truly need looking into—by an ecumenical council or something. I have in front of me a book a) written by an eminent professor of government (Mr. Hyneman was recently president of the American Political Science Association) who holds a surer grasp of constitutional law than most specialists in the subject; b) addressed to the gravest problem in contemporary American politics: the Supreme Court's reach for total power; c) replete with incisive, explosive insights that open up the problem at its core; yet d) so inhibited by the mode of Objectivity and Modulation that the incisions hardly ever spill blood and the anticipated explosions almost never go off; and the reader finds himself recalling William Schlamm's remark about people who never light up a Camel for fear of offending Lucky Strikes. Indeed, if before starting in I had noticed the jacket's fatuous blurb—"*The Supreme Court on Trial* neither attacks nor defends the Supreme Court; it is an analysis, not an indictment . . ."—I would have returned the volume to your book editor, with a match.

But that would have been a mistake. For despite the infuriating circumspection, Professor Hyneman has dared the first steps of a major venture in revisionism. And now that he has paid the price of an academic hearing, I suspect he will have no objection to a reviewer calling attention to the potentially stunning dimensions of his trouble-making.

The Supreme Court on Trial, by Charles S. Hyneman. Atherton, $6.50

The gravity of the problem about the Supreme Court can be measured, if I correctly understand Hyneman, by bringing into line two coordinates. First, there is the claim about the *effect* an interpretation of the Constitution by the Supreme Court has on other public authorities. The claim, though a cornerstone of Establishment teaching since the *Brown* decision, was first formally advanced by the Court itself in *Cooper v. Aaron*, the Little Rock school case, in 1958. *Marbury v. Madison*, the Warren court said on that occasion,

> declared the basic principle that the federal judiciary is supreme in the exposition of the law of the Constitution [*not so, according to Hyneman*], and that principle has ever since been respected by this Court and the Country [*again, Hyneman disagrees*]. It follows that the interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment enunciated by this Court in the *Brown* case is the supreme law of the land, and Article VI of the Constitution makes it of binding effect on the States. . .

Thus it is clear, Hyneman concludes, that the Court regards its own assertions "as to what the Constitution means to be identical with the words of the Constitution itself in capacity to impose obligation on the rest of the nation."

The other coordinate is the absence of objective standards to guide the Court's interpretation of the Constitution. According to Hyneman, the judicial activists, who are in the saddle today, believe many constitutional provisions "incorporate an ideal, and all [enforcers of the Constitution] are charged to achieve the ideal even if that requires an action which the constitution-makers would not have condoned." And elsewhere, moving closer to the point, he remarks it is hard to imagine *any* "ideal" that is not arguably incorporated in some phrase of the document. But I feel sure Hyneman's real charge is that invocation of this or that phrase of the written constitution has become a mere convenience with judicial activists. As the dean of the Yale Law School, whom Hyneman correctly assesses as one of the most careful spokesmen of the new dispensation, recently wrote: "The Supreme Court should be the proponent and protector of the values which are *the premises, goals, needs and ambitions of our culture*, as they have been expressed in our *living* constitution." Recognizably, such formulations all but exclude objectively measurable standards; in fine, the Court is left largely with its own afflatus in judging how the country ought to be run.

Now when the two coordinates are laid together, they potentially furnish the classic ingredients of despotism. *An Authority that is both unaccountable for its own judgments and possesses an unchallengeable veto over the judgments of all other authorities is—absolute.*

Yet many would deny this is cause for alarm. After all, hasn't the potential for judicial despotism, as thus defined, always been present in the American political system? Hyneman's answer, which, while blurred at times, is the main burden of his book, is No: for a number of reasons the potential is substantially aggravated today. With respect to the Court's

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Random Notes

● MOVIES: Peter Lawford ran an ad inviting members of La Cosa Nostra to a private—and secret—première of his gangster movie *Johnny Cool* (endorsed by the Attorney General) and, sure enough, "about 25" turned up, some obviously lunatics, some obviously plainclothesmen, but some impressively like *paladini* of The Black Hand. . . . With the threat of a Socialist Minister of Entertainment and a professor in charge of the Venice *Biennale,* the Italian movie industry chews its moustache. . . . Carl Dreyer, the Danish director who made *Day of Wrath,* will begin this month his first film in thirteen years. It will star Denmark's leading actress Bodil Kjer and will have its first showing on the director's seventy-fifth birthday. . . . The old-timers carry on: Lauren Bacall is to have a part in Warner Bros.' *Sex and the Single Girl* and Edward G. Robinson will have a bit part in *Robin and the Seven Hoods.*

● ART & IDEOLOGY: When Dick Gregory complained to a CBS-TV official that Ben Casey has never laid stethoscope to a sick Negro, Vice-President Mike Dunn replied with this beautiful revelation: "A revolution is taking place in TV dramatic shows. We are using the Negroes as lawyers, judges, doctors, and drug addicts just as we are using whites." . . . Jack Perlis asks in *Variety* for a playwright to come forward and update *Pal Joey*—new title to be *Huckleberry Fink*—to portray "today's amoral adolescent with his nicoteenage values, beady eyes on the main chance, looking down his runny nose at traditional standards of morality." You don't understand, Mr. Perlis. Those kids have been warped by the environment of the most prosperous country in the world and demoralized by its national defenses. . . . The Ford Foundation has undertaken the financing of a system of college hootenannies, with a quiet plug here and there, of course. Apparently they haven't listened to folk music recently. Perhaps they even think it's folk music.

● BOOKS: Since such a connoisseur of the high and gamy as *Time* has missed it, we feel compelled out of mere waggery to note that anyone impressed with the saprological naughtiness of Jean Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers* might as well be informed that the Grove Press translation is bowdlerized. . . . For John Dickson Carr fans: a collection of short stories and a novelette, *The Man Who Explained Miracles* (Harper, $3.50) . . . John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* "topnotch and coldly realistic" (says *Publisher's Weekly*), is a first-class British thriller in the grand manner. The pseudonym masks a Whitehall personality (for January, Coward-McCann, $4.50). . . . Dover has brought out a paperback original of the engravings of Peter Breughel, edited by H. Arthur Klein, *The Graphic World of Peter Breughel the Elder* ($3).

claim to final authority, the point is not so much that the claim was not asserted in the past, but that it was seldom pressed in serious matters, and where so pressed, was not conceded by the other parties concerned. For evidence—though he also treats some earlier episodes—Hyneman thinks we need reach back no further than the Court's surrender twenty-five years ago to the New Deal. To which I would add that the most notable feature, and the genius, of our political system has been precisely our determination to prevent the problem of final authority from being raised under circumstances that require a solution: a *preservation of tensions* among the various public authorities has been the distinctively American formula for keeping all of them more or less faithful to a popular consensus.

The answer is more complicated with respect to the Court's own record as a constitution-expounder. For one thing, Hyneman believes the importance of the Court's past role has been overrated. The critical "elastic clauses"—the Tenth Amendment, the "commerce clause," the "necessary and proper clause"—have acquired their present shape more as the result of congressional and Presidential action than of judicial. Yet it has been otherwise, he concedes, with the due process clause. There the Court has indeed played an activist role, has done so, moreover—notably, in dealing with state social reform laws—according to highly arbitrary standards that have been unintelligible except as a guise for the social and economic views of the judges. Even there, however, a vital difference must be noticed between the Court's past and present roles. ". . . the essential effect of all judicial nullifications of legislation down to the Segregation decisions," Hyneman points out, had been to *"delay"* social changes that had been ordained by legislatures through the community's political processes; whereas the Segregation decisions *"ordered people in [the affected] States to fashion legislation of a kind they never had on their statute books and to institute some social relationships that had never prevailed. . . ."*

Plainly, the difference is enormous. And so there *is* cause for alarm—especially, Hyneman urges, when one compares pragmatically the adequacy of the two methods—the judicial edict, and the "political processes"—for dealing with delicate, inflammable social problems.

All of which has set Mr. Hyneman to thinking about the *legitimacy* of the Court's role—the legitimacy, that is to say, of the currently accepted understanding of the power of judicial review. Did the Supremacy Clause give the Supreme Court control over state courts? Was a general power of judicial review contemplated by the framers? Was the document designed to be, itself, "effective" law, or merely "admonitory" law? Did the Constitution attempt to nominate *any* "final arbiter" of its meaning? And if such aspects of the Court's present power were not legitimized by birth, to what extent have they since been legitimized by practice and community acceptance?

These are among the key issues, and it is in dealing with them that Hyneman's revisionist strokes are most telling, most instructive, and yet in the end, most disappointing. For having explained why, on most

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counts, he is "not convinced" of the validity of the Court's pretensions, and why therefore the Court, in its current role, cannot expect to enjoy the community's confidence, he lets the argument drop. Where one would have expected to find an invitation to other branches of government to begin to discharge their duties as co-expounders of the Constitution and so redress the balance, modulation again takes over and the book closes with a plea for "judicial restraint."

Still, Hyneman has given us plenty to work on, and perhaps his caution has been well advised after all. The way things are going, it may be that he could not have carried the argument much further without being castigated as an "extremist" or accused of wanting to impeach Earl Warren.

The Art of Not Writing Novels

GARRY WILLS

TWO BOOKS—one in English, one in Mailer; one containing 137 old columns from the *New York Post* (fastidiously extracted from the tabloid pages full of national disasters like trapped miners and compliant

America Comes of Middle Age, by Murray Kempton. Little, Brown, $6.50

The Presidential Papers, by Norman Mailer. Putnam, $5.00

"starlets"), the other essentially made up of old *Esquire* columns (though there is one essay steamed off the back of that gas-station calendar called *Playboy*); one written by an Eleanor Roosevelt with brains, the other by a Hemingway who cannot find any bulls willing to dirty their horns on him (President Kennedy ignored the "El Toro!" flung at him, over and over, in these pages; even Sonny Liston, trying to make up for the bad company he kept in his bad old days, avoids Mailer; although William Buckley cannot resist Mailer's—or anyone else's—red cape). And both books are written by novelists playing hooky from their job. Kempton is a novelist who happens, unfortunately, never to have written a novel. Mailer, unfortunately, has written three.

Come, now bite the bullet, begin with Mailer; then we can look forward to better things. Everything depends, for this poor man, on that Next Novel for which he has been blowing trumpets, issuing advertisements, and changing plots, trying to hide the fact that there are no more novels in him. A great obstacle has reared itself obsessively in front of him, blotting out the world. The obstacle's name is Norman Mailer.

To distract himself and others from the fact that he has no books to write, Mailer has invented a new kind of non-book, one in which he tells us what great books he *would* write if he were not so busy, just now, making the world safe for great novelists. In th first such non-book, *Advertisements For Myself*, he told us how the literary world had misused him—turned down his *Deer Park*, called his obscenities obscene, praised Baldwin or Jones instead of him. In this second attack on the institution known as Book, he moves from the literary to the political world, and tells us what it has not been doing for Norman Mailer. President Kennedy, it appears, failed in his major task—the construction of A Society In Which Mailer Could Write Another Novel. Mailer, who thinks he got Kennedy elected with a single article on MAILER-and-Kennedy, expected to become something of a Cultural Minister, who would redo the White House in Early Neanderthal and set up a Department for Improving the Orgasm. This is the disappointed candidate's platform, including such programs as a reverse astrology—harder on the nose than

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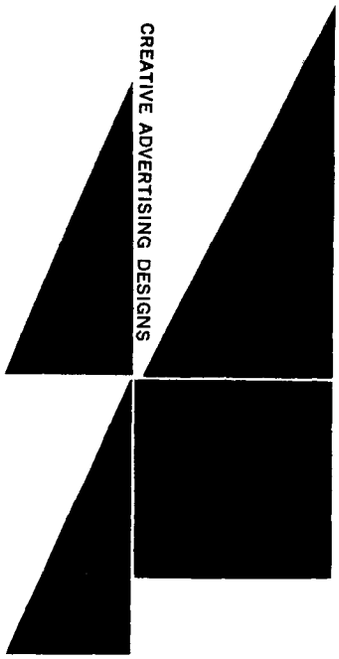

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the neck—which, with greater politeness than he is ever guilty of, we might call koproscopy. The idea would be worthy of Aristophanes if it were not taken seriously by Mailer, who deserves the title for all-round ability to take absurdities seriously. Look how seriously he takes himself.

We are told All About Mailer, about his obsessions (primarily with cancer, which is the seal of the devil, and boxing, with which Mailer thinks he can do what Hemingway did with bull-fighting), about his crime (it was her fault, she wore cosmetics, violating his Neanderthal nose with the odors of civilization), and, most of all, about his hypothetical triumphs —*if* he had been allowed to run for mayor of New York, he *would* have published his praise of Castro, which *might* have persuaded Castro to invite Hemingway down to run the country, setting an example Kennedy would almost *have* to imitate by calling in Mailer to govern this nation. We are assured that our hero fought one of his brawls after getting two hammer blows on the head; that he put Kennedy in office, and could put Floyd Patterson back on his throne; that he out-debated Buckley; that he outwrites everybody since Hemingway and outloves everybody since Casanova; in short, that he can lick anyone in the house. It is a boast he should be able to make with some confidence. After these tirades, there cannot be many left in the house; and they deserve their licking.

KEMPTON'S collection of columns is not, as one might expect, a non-book—not any more than a collection of sonnets would be. For Kempton, alone among his contemporaries, has made an art form of the newspaper column. These pieces have their exits and their entrances; they are disciplined, paced, *constructed* things. More is said in their 800-1,000 words, by way of epigram, allusion, disturbing juxtaposition, and haunting conclusion, than most men say in books.

Kempton is, of course, our most refreshing Liberal commentator: one who wonders, at times, whether power might not even corrupt *Liberals*. But if those in power cannot ever feel quite safe with him, the underdogs have him entirely at their mercy. He can be bludgeoned with a tear. He is overpowered by the weak, the downtrodden, the ineffectual—Negroes, union members, Adlai. The world ended (with a whimper) in 1952, when Stevenson lost the election; but it somehow recomposed itself in time to end again in 1956. In fact, like the small-time actor who "dies well" and knows it, the universe keeps giving us encores to apocalypse in Kempton's more ambitious columns.

His strength and his weaknesses come from his interest in people, in what he calls "the face"—the individual's inimitable features. He is so interested in the face that he tends to discount what goes on behind it. For him there are no Communists—just Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's grandmotherly features, Ben Davis' perseverance, Khrushchev's vitality. For him the Negro does not exist—but (in the most moving section of the book) individuals, strong and weak, good or bad. The difficulty with such an attitude is that these figures also exist in a real world—they are not the Cordelias and Lears of Kempton's private imagination, little worlds in themselves, microcosms against which *every* time can be tested. These people live, inextricably, in *this* time. Kempton, by isolating them from their context, by limiting his vistas to the space between the hairline and the chin, denies himself and them a history. (It is significant that our nation's history gets shrunk to fit the individual, that America "comes of middle age" just at the time when Kempton does.)

The man with no history has no saints and heroes except those in today's *New York Post*—poor Adlai must be Socrates, Cicero, and St. Francis. The man without a history has no creed to serve, no sacrednesses, beyond the determination to be kind to the downtrodden Adlais of this world. (Kempton takes his eternal stand only twice in this book—when he resolves never again to vote for a President after the 1956 tragedy, and when he writes, "I should hope that I should never cross a picket line.") The man without a piety toward history, toward suffering as related to the human mind's effort after truth, makes every setback a tragedy, a causeless defeat of man, and so dissolves the tragic in sentimentality.

Perhaps that is why, with his sure artist's instinct, Kempton has never attempted the tragic novel of which so many of his columns are miniatures. He lives in a world of stories, of heartbreaks, of arresting faces, of apocalypses—but every apocalypse is

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like the next, and this has a diminishing effect. In this little, thousand-word world Kempton tries to give us the essence of each individual—as if the last newsworthy gesture of a Hoffa or a Nixon or a Luce could sum them up. This is a subtler, but more serious, reduction of man in the column that pretends to know and judge the inner heart—to tell the whole story, to build it neatly, with an O. Henry turn at the end—than in mere praise or censure of man's surface acts. To be the Dostoievski of the *New York Post* or the *New Republic* is to have a rich cast of characters, worthy of any ten Russian novels. But this happens to be God's cast of characters, and the drama is a bit too large and mysterious to be fitted between the opening and final epigrams even of these brilliant columns.

Staff Officer

THOMAS A. LANE

IN THIS FIRST of three volumes on General George C. Marshall, recounting his career up to his appointment as Chief of Staff of the Army in 1939, the picture of the man is hauntingly incomplete. The shadows are not deep, but they are unexplored. We are informed that those who might have given critical testimony preferred silence. They were not persuaded that truth has its own charity which should not be mocked by the conventions of man.

George C. Marshall: Education of a General, 1880-1939, by Forrest C. Pogue. Viking, $7.50

The author depicts the intense ambition which drove George Marshall to build from modest talents sur-

passing performance in his chosen profession of arms. He shows Marshall in youth and in maturity as a master of his craft, the valued aide of his seniors, the respected leader of his subordinates, but with few friends among his contemporaries. His enduring estrangement from his older brother is unexplained. We can only surmise that the acid of ambition etched lines of character which await the revealing strokes of another artist.

Yet, there is no mistaking the quality of Marshall's remarkable achievement. As a youth with an inclination to leadership, he found in the fine training of Virginia Military Institute a congenial climate for his talents and proof of his capacity to excel. As he graduated from VMI in 1901, the Army expansion required for the pacification of the Philippines opened the door to a military career. His early demonstration of exceptional competence as a staff officer set the pattern of his service. In an Army where promotion was very slow, he found rewarding use for his talents in staff service to senior officers and avoided the drudgery of command duty in the junior positions to which his rank would have consigned him. This association with officers who were soon to serve as Chief of Staff or in other high-ranking positions also gave direction to his own ambitions.

The mystery is that a man of Marshall's ambition and demonstrated capacity to influence his seniors should have failed to obtain the command experience in World War I which he knew to be so important to his career. He served in France on the staff of the 1st Division for a year, but was not selected to command a regiment. Did awareness of his lack of command experience make him reluctant to press for the regimental command which would be the stepping-stone to brigade and the coveted star? Or did the event reflect the lack of confidence of senior officers in his command capacity? After World War I,

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his reduction to the grade of major made command duty unattractive, service as aide to Pershing more rewarding. Yet, in an Army which wisely put a premium on demonstrated command capacity, Marshall was again risking his career. He gambled on the power of Pershing and won. In the 1939 selection of a Chief of Staff, Pershing's preference of Marshall to Drum was probably decisive.

The story of Marshall's life is supported by exposition of contemporary history which is generally concise and relevant. The book will stir memories of the Old Army for those who knew it and provide a model success story for aspiring young officers. It makes no critical evaluation of the man himself.

Marshall's excellence was measured in current competitive values. "Like most officers of his generation, he studied the practice of arms and not the theory." He could do better what was being done but he lacked that perception of war as an instrument of policy which marks a true grasp. This deficiency of vision, which bore so heavily against the effective employment of U.S. power in the years ahead, became apparent in these years of the education of a general.

The unpreparedness of the Army for World War I and the relapse into similar unreadiness before World War II are attributed in this account to the anti-militarist American tradition and to the consequent small size of the regular Army. These are not the root causes of the failures. After the costly blunders of the Spanish American War, Elihu Root created the War Department General Staff to raise a higher standard of professionalism in the U.S. Army. Although some improvements of organization were made, the next 40 years saw the failure of the system. Unpreparedness for war is only part of the evidence. In Germany, under the restrictions of the Versailles Treaty, von Seeckt showed that even a small Army can set high standards of professional leadership. The U.S. Army couldn't see it. In the U.S. Army, promotion examinations which had been designed to assure adequate standards of professional competence in the officer corps were abandoned. Standards declined to the casual learning from which Elihu Root had sought to lift them.

The author gives no indication that George Marshall nor any of his associates grasped the problem of professional excellence. They were prisoners of their own experience, practical men. George Marshall railed against a promotion system which denied early rewards of his competence; he seemed little aware of the merits of a seniority system which guarded the independence and integrity of the officer corps.

There are lessons from the past in this book, as in the story of Capt. William B. Tuttle of the 15th Infantry. When on Christmas Day of 1925, with nine men in a truck, he stopped and turned aside an army of 5,000 well-armed Chinese who had invaded the outskirts of the U.S. defense sector of Tientsin, he was not handicapped by detailed instructions from Washington. No President harried by modern communications would have permitted such a confrontation!

After World War I, General Pershing could oppose the National Defense Program of the War Department before Congress without being charged with "disloyalty."

In accepting his appointment as Chief of Staff, George Marshall could tell President Roosevelt that he wanted the right to say what he thought and that it often would be unpleasing. Where is the military leader of such stature today?

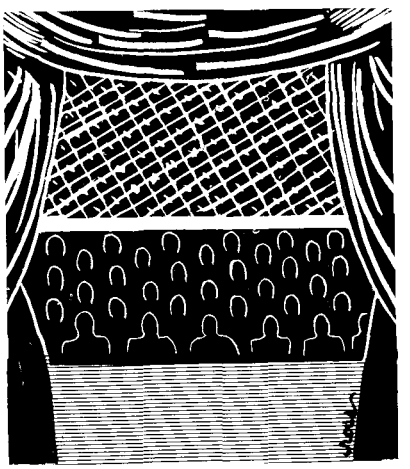
George Marshall was a demanding and appreciative leader, a model of the disciplined professional soldier, an austere Christian gentleman, a devoted son, husband and stepfather. He was above all the perfect staff officer and it is in this role that he will appear in Acts II and III as the aide of Presidents.

Theater

A Master Carpenter

W. H. VON DREELE

Edward Albee was born in 1928. Just five years ago, his first play appeared off Broadway. Three short plays followed. Then in 1962, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* opened on Broadway. Although opinions varied, none denied him an astonishing gift for mimicry. His dialogue was authentically, shockingly idiomatic. He displayed a near faultless control over the theatrical machinery. The debate raged over what Mr. Albee meant to say. What was his point of view? That all human beings are bastards? Many thought so. When questioned about the play in a *New York Times* interview, S. N. Behrman observed: "I guess I can't help it; I love my family." Meanwhile, the play ran, and runs, to full houses. *Newsweek* gave Mr. Albee the full cover treatment. Arlene Francis interviewed him on the radio. There were chats in major supplements. And following the recent opening of his second Broadway play, *The Ballad of the Sad Café,* Mr. Albee joined John Steinbeck on a cultural exchange trip to Europe and the Soviet Union. He had become an international figure.



For those nagged by the suspicion that all this is too much, too soon, his latest play is reassuring. *Ballad* is an adaptation of Carson McCullers' 1951 short novel. But surely "adaptation" is the wrong word. For Mr. Albee has transferred to the stage a story which contains but three lines of conversation; which hangs upon mood, color and suggestion.

And he has done it with total fidelity. This meant inventing almost all the dialogue. It meant introducing a narrator to translate Miss McCullers' moods into theatrical motion. This transformation from book to boards was something like running a log into a paper-making machine and producing a sheet of finished paper

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which somehow evoked all the qualities of the original wood. That is Mr. Albee's achievement. Through the magic of theatrical carpentry, *Ballad* remains pure McCullers.

As such, the plot was summed up rather inelegantly by the *New Republic* as "a conventional love triangle. . . The husband is an ex-convict, who loves and marries a bull dyke, who hates him but loves a dwarf, who in turn adores the husband." Those familiar with Miss McCullers' work know she is fascinated by the bizarre and the grotesque, and the problems of love among same. The narrator tells us that it is often more difficult to be the beloved than the lover. Indeed, this ticket holder found initial difficulty in "identifying" with either faction. We wonder why such a nice, normal chap should fall in love with the mannish Miss Amelia, but when he is literally thrown out of the house on his wedding night by what is clearly *force majeure,* he wins our pity. So, finally, does Miss Amelia. As for the dwarf (remarkably played by Michael Dunn), he must seek sympathy among humanists more committed than I.

The play answers few questions. In what American town, no matter how remote, would a woman such as Miss Amelia be considered marriage material? What motivated her own "I do"? Why is the narrator a Negro whose manners are so Edwardian and whose accent is so fancy-Eastern-college? Why did Edward Albee choose to animate Carson McCullers' characters rather than, say, those of Daphne Du Maurier? We shall never know. It is probably none of our business.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean (Houghton, $6.95). Using their letters and diaries and his own recollections, Vincent Sheean describes Sinclair Lewis' marriage to Dorothy Thompson, which was a disaster. Lewis had deep feelings of inferiority because of his ugliness, and doubts about his sexual powers. As a novelist, he was fading. She was dynamic, successful, half masculine, and given to reflections of this sort: "The reason why modern women are so unhappy, and why they unconsciously hate men, is because they have gotten better and men have gotten worse. They will not let men swallow them up, because the swallowers aren't good enough." Inevitably, their marriage resembled that Thurber cartoon of the enormous woman and the tiny man, except that now and then Lewis would turn on her with devastating nastiness. Of course, he drank. The book contains some interesting side-lights: she, for example, played an important role in getting Willkie the nomination, but during the campaign (naturally) switched to Roosevelt. What one cannot possibly forget, however, are a few glimpses of Lewis himself that suggest both his pain and his power: "I saw a narrow, ravaged face, roughened, red, and scarred by repeated radium and electric needle burnings . . . cavernously set, remarkably brilliant eyes, transparent as aquamarines . . . a small and narrow mouth . . . which in the course of a few minutes could smile a dozen ways. The face of a man who had walked through flame throwers."

J. HART

BURGESS AND MACLEAN, by Anthony Purdy and Douglas Sutherland (Doubleday, $3.95). The late Guy Burgess, his ashes newly dispersed by the Russian winds, steals the show in this, as in any, narrative of what the authors rightly call England's "biggest story of the century." Described by Geronwy Rees as "the most brilliant undergraduate of his time," Burgess seemed to shed the shiny hairs of his corruption on everyone he ever brushed against. Not the least important casualty was Maclean, whom he first knew as the bright, curious son of a Liberal cabinet minister, and whom he leaves, in Moscow, a mundane party hack of nearly thirty years' standing. Burgess, at one time or another, bemused and/or conquered, by the sheer force of his personality, Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, E. M. Trevelyan, assorted Cabinet ministers, Mrs. Rothschild—and the homosexual population of British Intelligence, including Harold Philby, whom the author knew (but, for reasons which remain obscure, did not directly identify) as the legendary "Third Man" who aided the 1951 defection of B & M, (and who himself fled East after the publication of this slim volume). They hint at his identity in several ways: "The Third Man was a senior member of the service who has since left and won honors in another field" (Philby was Beirut correspondent of the prestigious *Observer* before his recent flight); "the association [between Burgess and Philby] gave rise to considerable speculation after Burgess disappeared that Philby had been associated with the disappearance." And yet a rather prominent member of the Establishment, who beyond doubt had more ways of knowing the Third Man's identity than either of the authors, reacted differently: "Mr. Harold Macmillan, in the House, defended [Philby] and said that no evidence had been found for presuming that he had been instrumental in warning Burgess or Maclean, and that while in government service he had carried out his duties ably and well."

E. J. BELL

THE ECONOMICS OF SUCCESS, by Ludwig Erhard (Van Nostrand, $6.50). Miracles should be easier to research. The quest for one in Erhard is slowed, but should not be dissuaded, by the genteel pomp he, as other academicians do, employs in position papers (the book is a collection of them). I think the real miracle was that Erhard successfully scorned American advice; the recovery of Germany from war's-end ruin, by virtue of Erhard's *soziale Marktwirtschaft* — the socially-committed free economy — was just an accurate bearing and prudent administration. In his words, the *soziale* market economy "has revolved round the central idea of combining personal freedom, growing prosperity and social security within the framework of a free, competitive economy and of bringing nations together by means of a policy of universal plain-dealing." Nothing miraculous here, except that it's been allowed to happen.

T. J. WHEELER

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To the Editor

Script

John Gregory Dunne's "Ripley at the Front" declaration [Dec. 17] that "big fearless pictures" are "in" prompts this suggestion for pretentious pictures: *'Viva Il Duce!'* a Technicolor epic based on the Fascist era. The cast:

Benito Mussolini ... Marlon Brando
Claretta Petracci .... Sophia Loren
Adolf Hitler ..... Robert Watson
Count Ciano ..... Anthony Quinn
Neville Chamberlain . Alec Guinness
Francisco Franco ... Thomas Gomez
Herman Goering ... Jackie Gleason
Engelbert Dollfuss ... George Gobel
Georges Sorel ..... Frank Sinatra
Pius XI ..... E. G. Marshall
Eduard Daladier ..... Peter Lorre
Haile Selassie .... Sammy Davis Jr.

Brooklyn, N.Y. D. F. BARRY

Sheer, Utter, Disgust

Where else but in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 17] could one learn that President Johnson "is not known to have read a whole book all the way through in the last twenty years" and among other important information "his musical tastes tend to peak at 'Home on the Range.'" I strongly suspect some fairly good Presidents belonged in that category. So what?

In addition to kissing babies do our Presidents from now on have to read us Bedtime Stories and sing us a lullaby? How stupid can intellectuals get?

Brooklyn, N.Y. EAMON O'CAROLAN

Re the Hypothesis

As a sympathetic critic of NATIONAL REVIEW, I feel compelled to comment on what I think to be an extraordinary lapse of journalistic responsibility in the issue of December 17. Much of the public mourning of the late President has been in undeniably poor taste, and much of the furor on the Left has rightly earned emphatic censure. Indeed, Mr. Buckley's syndicated column contained some of the few lucid comments made in the dismal aftermath of the assassination. Therefore I found it especially appalling that you could cite it in the same article with the absurd accusations of an anonymous anti-Communist ("Hypothetical Case").

That piece constitutes a perfect rightist counterpart to the unfounded indictments of certain writers of the Left. Using flimsy circumstantial evidence (*e.g.*, that Castro allegedly threatened assassination), tenuous analogy (*e.g.*, that Trotsky's killer also denied organizational connections), unwarranted inference (*e.g.*, that if Oswald visited Mexico, he *must* have been financed by a conspiracy) and allegations of guilt-by-association (*e.g.*, that the grant of a travel loan to Oswald indicates that embassy officials "welcome semi-Communists as fellow Liberals"), the nameless Floridian has conjured up a conspiracy which allows him to impute guilt to the political elements that he dislikes. How can NATIONAL REVIEW lend its implied approval to such rantings?

New Haven, Conn. PAUL LAMOREE

NATIONAL REVIEW *believed, and believes, that all hypotheses, even those that strain credulity, should be explored. So do law enforcement officials. So especially do the leaders of opinion in Europe.* —ED.

Ever since the Professor Barghoorn fiasco began I have been wondering what has become of [the spy] Igor A. Ivanov.

We know the Establishment's penchant for trading with the enemy, and it wouldn't be the first time for the tender to be live bodies. Or is it called ransom? An equitable bargain —one Liberal professor for one Red spy, with all that muscle-flexing propaganda thrown in as a bonus.

Belvidere, N.J. WM. E. KEIGHTLEY

Smear?

Little crusades are fine but have you not failed to say something else after slapping Mr. Rockefeller's hand for his mailing habits [Dec. 17], namely, that he is a Liberal? In the improbable event of Goldwater becoming the Republican Presidential candidate, would he be checked to see whether he would use franking privileges to mail campaign literature? Mr. Rockefeller is not in charge of physical details of his campaign and probably knows nothing of the incident you mention. A man of such wealth and position does not quibble over postage costs and sneakily let the taxpayers bear the cost. A petty smear is in some ways worse than an all-out smear campaign.

Clifton, N.J. DAVID W. BATTERSON

Whoa! a) It wasn't a smear, it is the truth. b) A man is held responsible for the activities of his staff. c) Let's see now what the Governor does about it. —ED.

Whoever Said He Wasn't?

I can only imagaine that you were conducting some idiotic test on the

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strength of conservatism in the West, or something, when you published Francis Russell's Delicious apple tirade in your Dec. 3 issue.

Most Easterners, when they taste the delicious Delicious, marvel and admire the juicy (!) flavor. They seem not to be concerned with the superficialities, *i.e.*, shape, but even when they are, they are lost in admiration of the size of those so-called "elongated monstrosities." I can tell Mr. Russell from personal experience that most McIntosh-and-Winesap-reared Easterners, Southerners and foreigners go wild over Washington State Delicious apples.

If Mr. Russell persists in making that ridiculous analogy between Delicious apples and wads of cotton, there can only be two reasons for it: 1) he never ate a cold, crispy Delicious apple; and/or 2) he is a snob!

Seattle, Wash. JOY DANIELS

Hart on Huxley

In his review of Huxley's *Literature and Science* [Oct. 22], Professor Hart tells us: "Indeed, it would be most surprising if such a spiritual Iron Curtain as Huxley describes really did exist between science and literature. There is, after all, a kind of unity to periods of culture."

Agreed. But it is equally surprising that apparently Professor Hart hasn't ever read Spengler.

Atlanta, Ga. DOUGLAS B. WRIGHT

Professor Hart Replies:

Spengler is particularly convincing in his description of the kinds of unity that periods exhibit. Furthermore, he is one of my intellectual heroes—for many reasons, but perhaps chiefly because of the power with which he attacks the Liberal idea of progress. I do, however, reject his determinism: the decline of the West is not necessary, and must be arrested.

Hanover, N.H. JEFFREY HART

Delight, Delight

I was glad to read your notation that *NR* is opposed to any laws setting conditions for marriage except age [Dec. 17]. My wife, who is also my sister, was reading *NR* on the way home from the mental hospital, where she had been maid-of-honor to her half-sister, who was marrying another inmate, who is my stepmother's psychopathic son—and we entirely agreed with your stand; that is, until the effect of the tranquilizers

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—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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began to wear off and we discovered we were two other people who hadn't even been introduced.

Cobden, Ont. R. KEITH EARLS

Nice point. We surrender. —ED.

Trans-O-Gramaniac

After the stimulating mental fare provided by *NR*'s brilliant staff of writers, you now top it off with a titillating confection, or should I say smörgasbord, by Svend Petersen.

Hope it continues as a regular feture; it was the only thing in the *Saturday Review* I ever found palatable.

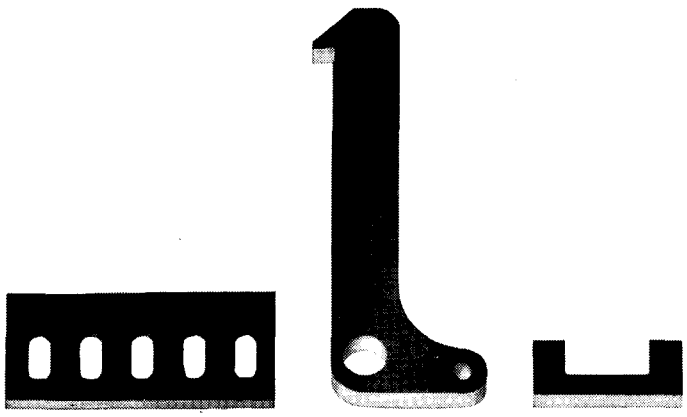
New York City D. V. RODRIGUEZ

BUCKLEY

(Continued from p. 14)

renouncing, implicitly, our belief that our indictment of Communism is sufficient for all the ages. If man is to be encouraged to exercise his freedom to deny the bases of American life, the bases of American life are presumptively suspect. Students are being encouraged to exercise their academic freedom in such a way as to encourage the notion that the operative ideals of our society are suspect. Suspect because we cannot really know (as Thomas Jefferson is thought to have implied) that our own way is right; because we cannot really know (as John Stuart Mill is misunderstood to have believed) that the many in 19th-century England were right, while the few were wrong; because (as Oliver Wendell Holmes quite truly believed) the only test of truth is its ability to win acceptance in the marketplace.

And so the American student often appears as though his principal duties are a) to prepare the way for some chiliastic discovery, tomorrow, or the next day—and who knows, Gus Hall may be its prophet. And b) to deplore those, those—those—Absolutists (the 20th century's anathema) who insist that while all the truth is not now known, nor is likely ever to be known, we know now, even now, enough of the truth, to assert proudly and confidently the general direction in which we should think and act; that our toleration of the nihilists and the Communists can only be just that—toleration. That it must never amount to a kind of doctrinal egalitarianism which ends us up with the strangled cry of our age: How can we really, truly, definitively,



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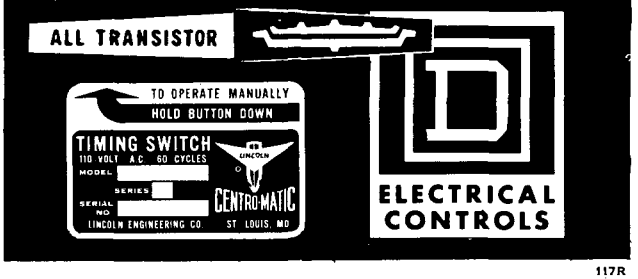

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know, that they may not in fact be right, and we wrong?

What the University of Texas needs, and for that matter just about every college in the land, is spiritual composure. And that can be done when we make the fundamental distinction that recaptures the great insight of our forebears. That while we of the West are flawed, our ideals are not; and that the great problem of our time, both intellectual and moral, is to bring us, in the West, to adhere more closely to our ideals, to doubt ourselves but not our ideals. It is curious that many people who are shocked at the proposal that Earl Warren should be impeached are utterly undisturbed by the proposal, advanced by so many members of the academic community, that we should impeach our ideals.

MEYER

(Continued from p. 23)

construction which Liberal ideology has substituted for foreign policy: the United Nations, the world-wide welfarist foreign-aid program, and the Alliance for Progress.

Behind this façade of dependence upon words and upon massive "humanitarian" expenditure, where a realistic answer to a bitter threat is imperative, President Johnson day by day shows his intention of continuing Kennedy's disastrous military policy. The Rostow-Wiesner-McNamara-Whiz Kid program of reliance on a Minuteman-Polaris Maginot Line—combined with a steady liquidation of existing offensive arms and the direction of research and development away from future offensive capabilities is decidedly still in the ascendant. One of Johnson's first acts was to give the death blow to Dyna-Soar; the MOL (Manned Orbital Laboratory), which he put forward as a sop to the Armed Forces, involves much too little energy and expenditure for aerospace defense, while many times its cost continues to be spent on non-military space projects. The old team is still at work; the old ideas prevail.

Lyndon Johnson's "style," Heaven knows, differs radically from Kennedy's; but abroad, as at home, he stands for the same bankrupt ideology. The policies Kennedy represented, which so urgently demanded the victory of the principles of Barry Goldwater, Johnson too represents.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

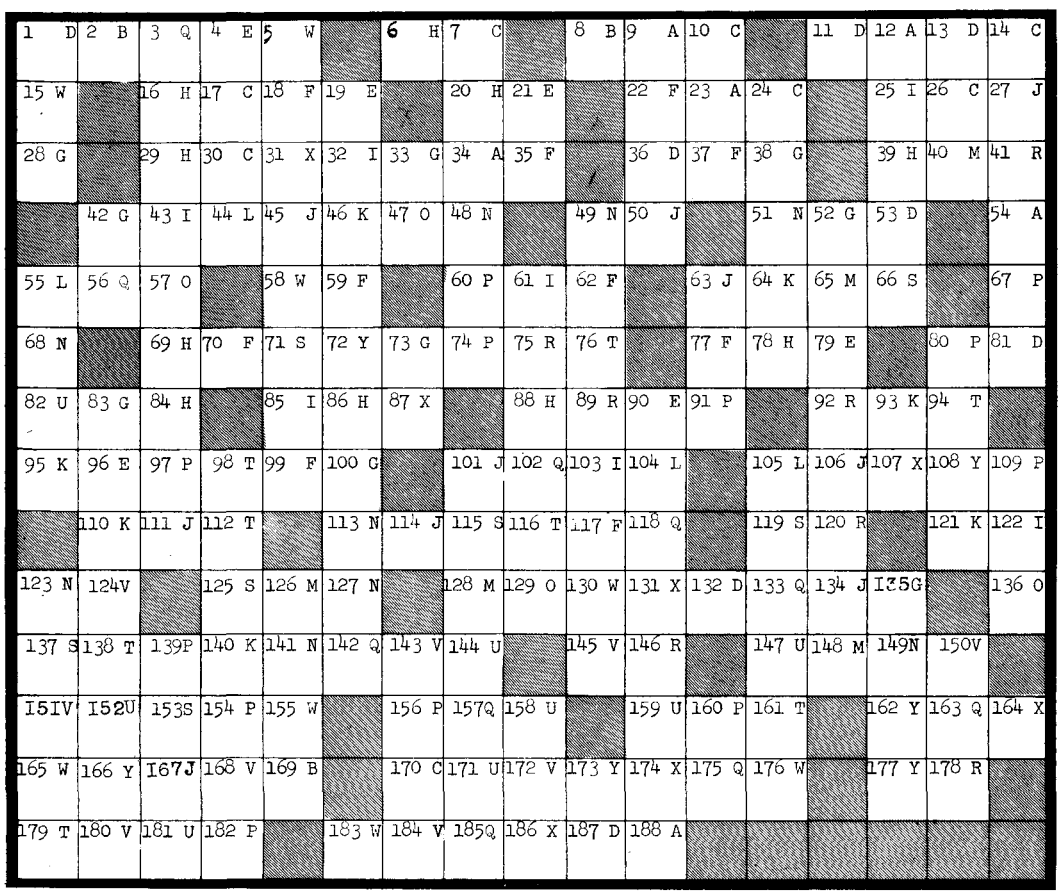
by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. River in Pennsylvania.	54 188 9 12 34 23
B. Long-time New York Giant.	2 8 169
C. Book of Old Testament.	7 10 14 24 170 17 26 30
D. Home of a pro football team.	13 187 53 81 11 1 36 132
E. Warded off.	21 90 4 79 96 19
F. Hero of American Revolution.	62 22 35 70 18 77 37 99 117 57
G. English poet (full name).	38 100 83 135 42 52 33 73 28
H. Poetic for a large Old World City.	84 6 78 69 20 86 29 39 16 88
I. Feminine Shakespearean character.	32 25 61 122 103 43 85
J. One of the United States.	101 106 27 63 114 111 167 45 50 134
K. An official in Gilbert and Sullivan.	95 46 64 93 140 110 121
L. Shoemakers' tools.	55 105 104 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Lazy way to say "Yes."	40 126 128 65 148
N. Hero of American Revolution.	113 123 68 149 48 127 49 51 141
O. Great Yankee pitcher.	47 129 57 136
P. What peanuts may be used for (2 wds.).	74 182 154 80 160 156 109 60 139 67 97 91
Q. Good people to rally behind.	185 102 3 175 133 118 163 142 157 56
R. Attempts.	89 146 178 120 41 92 75
S. Answers.	66 153 119 137 71 125 115
T. Legally prevented.	94 76 116 138 98 179 161 112
U. Swaggered.	144 147 82 181 152 159 171 158
V. A resistor (pl.).	124 168 184 145 151 143 180 150 172
W. Buried.	58 165 15 176 130 183 5 155
X. Shade of color.	87 174 131 107 31 186 164
Y. An aborigine.	108 173 72 166 162 177

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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For The Record

Africa screams——on schedule: Expected blow-up of Kenya-Somali border dispute, which took place only 12 days after Jomo Kenyatta proclaimed independence, now complicated by Somalia's acceptance of Soviet financial aid and military training, as predicted in these pages by Elspeth Huxley last Nov. 19. . . . Observers pondering symbolic significance of Ludwig Erhard's visit as first foreign chief of state received by Lyndon B. Johnson. Although scheduled by former President Kennedy, Erhard's reception earned him priority recognition possibly intended by new Administration.

Latest entry in the Left's Hate-Germany campaign, Heusinger of the Fourth Reich by Charles A. Allen Jr., reviewed in N.Y. Times by Herbert Mitgang, who comments: "There is much raw material here worth pondering." Apparently not worth pondering (by Mitgang): reputation of book's publisher, Carl Marzani, as long-time Communist. . . . President João Goulart's turnabout appointment of former Bank of Brazil president Ney Galvão as new Minister of Finance thought to reflect Brazilian expectations of Alliance for Progress reforms under President Johnson. Appointment came as slap at leftist Léonel Brizola, Goulart's brother-in-law, who inspired cabinet shake-up in hopes of snagging Finance post for himself.

Nelson Rockefeller, according to word from Rockefeller camp, has approached major network, wants TV time for 5 appearances in January-February. Subjects: 1) domestic affairs, 2) foreign affairs, 3) Happy, 4) the Extreme Right, 5) Why I Should Be President. . . . Stanley R. Tupper (R., Me.), Rockefeller's New England campaign manager and one of the very few Republican congressmen endorsed by ADA in 1962, cast an absentee vote in favor of foreign aid bill Dec. 24—one of few GOP to do so.

Weekly column of noted conservative Dr. Ruth Alexander now appearing in top-circulation N.Y. Daily News (Sunday edition). . . . Robert Morris, former municipal court judge in New York, recently president of U. of Dallas, expected to enter Senate race in Texas Republican primary. Strong possibility: Morris' opponent in primary will be George Bush, son of Prescott (formerly R., Conn.). Both are Goldwater supporters. . . . Der Spiegel reports Ambassador to Moscow Foy D. Kohler wants to fire Embassy's Soviet chauffeurs who witnessed abduction of Frederick Barghoorn, failed to report it. . . . The Vatican's silence over Cardinal Mindszenty's status, once rumored negotiable as price of rapprochement with Iron Curtain countries, continues, deafeningly, into 1964.

Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"There's nothing to fear, Agatha. If God had wanted everything nationalised, He would have let Mr. Attlee do it."

One World: Maurice Thorez, French Communist Party chief, a regular guest of the Begum, widow of Aga Khan III, at her neighboring villa on Côte d'Azur. . . . Douglas Dowd, Associate Professor of Economics at Cornell, when asked at recent debate what he would think of UN intervention in Birmingham (U.S.A.) riots, replied: "I'd be delighted."

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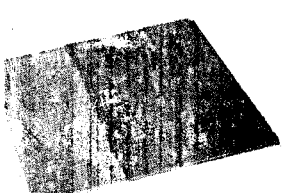

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